

NEW SERIES. No. 4.

—
THE SATIRIST,
OR
MONTHLY METEOR.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1812.

EXPLANATION OF THE CARICATURE.

It was a melancholy sight to see the poor gentleman, Mr. PARLIAMENT, upon his death-bed. His decease was somewhat premature and unexpected, for, notwithstanding the various diseases with which he was assailed, there was an incorruptible stamina in his constitution which would have borne him through to an extreme old age, had he not been struck to the heart by a dagger, upon the blade and dudgeon of which the words "By Proclamation" were distinctly impressed. This was a mortal blow, under which the victim staggered and fell, after having resisted most vigorously, for a number of years, the complicated attacks of the *Scrofula* or *King's Evil*, the *Phthisis Pulmonalis*, or *Consumption* of the *Lungs*, the *Opposition Jaundice*, the *Dy-*(or rather *Dis-*) *sentery*, *Delirious Intervals*, *Malignant Fever*, and

a number of inferior disorders in various *members*. The first-mentioned complaint he happily surmounted by attention to his *diet* and regimen; the second was relieved in the usual manner by *resolution*, though not before the patient was half *Suffolkated**; the third it is impossible to cure; and it is feared that it will prove to be a family disorder and annoy his successor, though certainly not with so much force, as *Spanish flies* have been found useful in softening the *virulence* of the complaint. The three last-named diseases are also known to be hereditary; but it is hoped they will not prove very dangerous, as the *Dissenter-y* only infects one house; the *delirium* is confined to harmless raving, without violent exertions; and the *malignant fever* experience has taught the faculty may be reduced by proper treatment and quiet confinement to an apartment, with wholesome air, any where upon the banks of the river, but particularly about the *Tower*.

When it became evident that the poor Gentleman could not survive, a very extraordinary degree of bustle and activity ensued among his servants. Their first care was to bring a clergyman to pray by him; but here a difficulty arose, as some fellows, both in and out of livery, insisted, that though he had been born and bred a Protestant, yet that, besides being much directed by a certain Abbot, he had latterly shown a partiality towards the Catholic faith, and therefore it behoved them to procure a priest of that persuasion to confess him, and *grease his boots* for the long journey he was about to undertake. Others refused to accede to this proposal,

* Sir C. Bunbury, one of the respected Members for the county of Suffolk, retired from Parliament, being no longer able to support the fatigue of bearing long speeches.

contending, that though there was one *Abbot* in his House, yet he also entertained a Protestant *Clerk* and two *Chaplins*; and while they were squabbling about the point, the worthy Gentleman departed this life without *benefit of Clergy*; indeed he had always a great aversion to the cloth, and would never suffer any of the inferior orders in the hierarchy to share *Commons* with him.

Before Mr. Parliament, however, bade the world good night, he took an opportunity of delivering a few words to his attendants. He was stretched on a couch, on the canopy of which was embroidered the words "Bed of Justice," from this circumstance believed by antiquarians to be the very piece of furniture which belonged to Tristram Shandy's father, Mr. Shandy, where he was wont to hold debates upon all the nice points of internal and external economy. His head reclined in the lap of a little personage, but a great Speaker, who *ordered* every matter to be conducted in a proper manner; and of whom, though his name is clerical, we never heard that he performed any clerical function or religious ceremony, save only now and then *returning thanks*, which duty he invariably performed with a *grace* peculiar to himself, always giving *general* satisfaction. The Secretaries of the Establishment were in attendance on him who had now come to the very *Lees* of life, and must inevitably *Die-soon*; nothing could be more punningly appropriate than that all three clerks—namely, the two *Leys* and one *Dyson*, should be present. He lay quietly on his back, with his left side to the light. His ministers, who are always on the *right side*, were consequently out of sight—those on the other side could not make out what they were doing. At this they were much chagrined, as might be expected from their *enlightened* situation; and they loudly accused the said ministers of being in the *dark*. To all

which abuse the brief reply given, was, that they were troublesome fellows, who only wanted to get *behind the curtain*, or disport themselves upon a *bed of roses*; in which, however, they should find themselves *disappointed*. This dispute was barely over when the poor Gentleman, having swallowed a cordial medicine called *Essence of Salamanca*, and had some *Eagles'* feathers burnt under his nose to revive him, thus addressed the surrounding parties :

“ As my final hour approaches, and the moment will soon arrive when I can be no longer useful to you, it is my earnest desire, that as my life has been laborious and active, so even my death may not be unattended with results beneficial to you and to my country. I have lived, as you know, in a troubled and stormy era, and my having played no minor part in the stupendous and eventful scenes which have been acted, may entitle my dying requests and observations to more than common regard. History will record that, *abroad*, I have sustained, as far as in me lay, the cause of civilized Europe, of freedom and independence, and have resisted to the utmost of my power the incursions of lawless ambition; the encroachments of usurped and usurping power; the extension of despotism, and the sweep of tyranny, aiming at universal dominion. At *home* I have performed the melancholy duty of providing for the declining years of a beloved monarch, at the same time maintaining his rights against invasion, and protecting the liberties of the people from diminution. Alas! the man through whose fidelity, courage, persevering intrepidity and firmness, immaculate honour and spotless integrity—the man whose talents and worth laid the foundation and raised the superstructure, whose genius planned, and whose uprightness of mind enabled him to execute these works—that man, “loved, lost, lamented,” has perished within my sanc-

tuary, and assassination has tainted my age with the foul stain of innocent blood. Since that fatal day, if I have displayed irresolution, wavering of mind, and distraction, an indulgent posterity will impute it to a shock not easily to be overcome by even the firmest soul, or forgotten by the most insensible."

[Here the Speaker was overpowered by a flood of tears, and genuine sorrow for once vanquished the demon of faction in every heart. The impression was awful, the lesson teeming with superhuman intelligence, Fate itself seemed to urge counsels of irresistible energy into every breast—but oh, instability of mortal affairs! in a few short weeks all the vivid impression was effaced, and the example which seemed as if its effects would have been eternal dissolving "into thin, thin air,"

Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.]

"I will cease to dwell on these painful and sorrowful objects, and as cheerfully as I am able hasten to state the points of interest, which I conceive my experience entitles me to press upon your attention. I see before me (gazing at the top of the bed) the visions of my two immediate predecessors, and they beckon me to follow them. Yes, Spirits of departed Parliaments, I come! But a little space to offer my latest advice, and I will be with you!"

[Here the poor Gentleman fixed his eyes on *no vacancy*, (see the *Caricature*) and seemed much affected; but became somewhat re-assured on Mr. Sheridan's addressing to him some words of comfort, and telling him that for his part he was afraid of *no sort of Spirits* except such as lurked at the bottom of the "vasty deep"—he could not say he liked *Spirits in water*. On this, becoming more composed, the patient thus spoke:]

“ My Sire was a *Man of Talents*, and, like most great *geniuses*, short lived. It was his misfortune to suppose that the extremes of pleasure and business were compatible. He was fond of company, of balls, and every species of fantastic amusements, and vainly imagined that his concerns would prosper while he devoted himself to sensual enjoyments. He soon discovered his error—his affairs went wrong, and, at length rendered furious by grief and disappointment, he dashed out his “desperate brains,” of which, notwithstanding his *boasted* abilities, he had no great store, against a wall which he seemed to have built up solely for the purpose of the commission of this suicide. I succeeded in the regular course of inheritance, and, after my eventful life, am in my turn to be succeeded by a legitimate heir. During my existence, several dangerous attempts have been made to curtail that heir of his fair proportions—under the cloak of reform, to shorten the period not only of his life but of the lives of all his successors. Designing men have endeavoured to render our family ephemeral, and to infect us with base humours, whose effect would hold such deadly enmity with our sound and vigorous natural system, that it must render us—

Most lazar-like—a vile and loathsome crust,
and in the end utterly destroy our generation: I have also been sorely troubled with a refractory and perverse disposition in certain quarters; but, thank Heaven, have happily surmounted all these difficulties.

“ Now, my friends, I earnestly recommend to you the care of my infant progeny, who like a Phoenix rises from the funeral bed of his parent. Remember the fable of the *bundle of sticks*, and never forget that his good, your own welfare, the weal of the country, and the cause of the world, depend upon your giving a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together.”

Endeavouring to impart a proper emphasis to this advice, the worthy gentleman exerted himself beyond his strength—and expired without a groan.

About this period the young Squireling made his first appearance, as may be seen by inspecting the picture representing the memorable event, and displayed in the front of the *Satirist*. He appears a lusty lad with a great family-resemblance to his progenitor, and comes into the world with as much noise as his infant faculties permit. A fine *canvass* cradle was prepared for him, and an immense number of new Candidates presented themselves with addresses to be taken into his service. Most of them, however, were rejected, and especially a set of busy, meddling, hot-headed, low fellows, who pretended to popularity, and who were ousted to a man—though they called their own *nonsense* the *sense* of the country. One of the most forward of these gentry, who is a linen-draper in the city, is visible clambering up the bed-clothes, but the *counter-pane* gives way with him, and he falls into the abyss that yawns below. Addressing him is a *Centaur*, not *fabulous*, who fain would, but dare not, attempt to climb. One would take the animal for a *Horse*; but he is called a *Mare* in the city, where he displays much of the *breeding* of a *Hunter*. Among the most forward to receive the squalling bantling is the Member for *Bedford*, who naturally takes his station near the *bed*, and endeavours to coax the young Squire with a fine frothy pot of porter. He promises, if he will be quiet, to make him an Emperor or a King—at Drury Lane; but the boy seems to dislike the sight of him; and as for the porter, he abhors it *entirely*. Another of the conspicuous figures near the child is the renowned Piccadilly Baronet, who, having stolen into the *room* by the Westminster door, did not on this occasion *stand for Oxford*. Always fond

of intermeddling in *little dirty pieces of business*, he comes with a *clout*, to apply as an *a posteriori* argument, and insists upon it, that whatever others may think of these matters, he considers them to rank high among the *necessary* reformatations to be made, without which Parliament must go to pot!—The leader of the opposition produces an under garment of *real Irish*, and a multitude of his followers are engaged in various occupations concomitant upon an occasion like the present. Some are drying little caps, others warming night-gowns, and in fine every one saying or doing something to prove himself useful and worthy of employment.

Over the fire-place is represented a birth from the *heathen* Mythology, emblematic, no doubt, of the necessity of doing away with all *religious* distinctions, and granting ("oh generous churchwardens!") what is called universal toleration and freedom of conscience. There are a number of other little incidents scattered over the face of this lively representation. Among others there is a broken phial of *deleterious drugs*, a decoction of *Alder-Wood*, which the physicians threw away, as taking it must have created a *nausea* in the baby's stomach. Poor Wardle is invisible at this time; but, as every body must be anxious to know where the *great patriot* is—he is *under the bed*; and has offered to *sell milk* to, or even to nurse the child himself. Sir T. Turton, Gen. Tarleton, and a few other Worthies, are in the same place—out of sight; while persons of the names of Hunt, Cobbett, Hallett, &c. have already tumbled headlong into that gulph to which the aspiring Linen-Draper is fast descending. These patriotic souls are never easy but when they are keeping the nation in *hot water*. The Caricature, on the part of the nation, has *done* upon them

POETICAL JUSTICE.

THE REJECTED BARDS—GENUS IRRITABILÉ.

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success."

God prosper long the mimic king,
Whitbread of Drury Lane;
A sad Address-writing I sing
In meet and woeful strain.

"Addresses pen! ye poets all
(The sage Committee said),
And Twenty Guineas forthwith shall
Be for the *prettiest* paid."

To hunt the Muse, and gain the prize,
The Bardlings took their way;
And critics harsh damn and despise
The rhymings of that day.

Oh dear! it was a shock to see,
And likewise for to hear,
Good English mangled dreadfully,
And scatter'd here and there.

Between the Muse and politics,
Oh, how was BRINSLEY crost!
With Drury's and with Stafford's tricks
He both elections lost.

And (1) COLMAN too, that wight of glee,
Of whom 'tis told, I wot,
That, having drunk three bottles, he
Each night a poem wrote;

Till thus from Bacchus and the Nine
 Had stream'd a copious score;
 And had he had more time and wine,
 He'd penn'd as many more.

On Rokeby's song, great (2) WALTER SCOTT,
 Did'st thou so ceaseless dwell?
 By Twenty Guineas tempted not,
 Thou bad'st thy "harp farewell?"

Nor could a single strain yspare,
 From ancient records wrung;
 Yet looking fruitful, fresh, and fair,
 Like melons rais'd from dung?

(3) TOM CAMPBELL, cloth'd in truth and trope,
 His tribute offers there,
 But finds the *Pleasures of his Hope*
 End only in despair.

Him Tom the second followed sure,
 Anacreon-like elate;
 But B—dy (4) MOORE, and CAMPBELL pure,
 Meet with an equal fate,

The stern Committee gives the word,
 That quells his pride full soon:

(5) "Our playhouse nothing shall afford
 Obscene—but the *Saloon*."

Next (6) LEWIS came—alas! no spell,
 No necromantic charm,
 No horrid ghost—no dæmon fell,
 The critics to disarm!

Among the other lumber thrown,
 His tale of terror lay;
 His spirit quell'd—his magic flown—
 His devils gone astray.

His powers, in evil hour, (7) CRABBE tried,
And met a fate severe.

"We want, since Bedford's mine (SAM cried),
No BOROUGH-mongers here."

Then (8) MARTIN SHEE upon the stage
Thought he might play a part :
But fail'd—for some were there more sage
In ELEMENTS of Art!

Next (9) CROKER's verse in fragments fell
Beneath the Judge's bann :
His Thespian strains no more could tell
Than speech to Mary-Ann.

And (10) HOOKE, no foe to farce and fun,
Nor hostile to a hoax,
Although in every line a pun,
Here fail'd with all his jokes.

And (11) TAYLOR, Monsieur Tonson's sire,
For numerous prologues fam'd,
At Drury found another fire,
In which his verses flam'd.

(12) The chirping Bardlings from the Lakes
Their contributions pour ;

But (13) GAFFER SOUTHEY's shiv'ring shakes
Here find no opening door.

Poor (14) WORDSWORTH too, that simple bard,
With baby lispings fine,

(15) Like Alice, at his fate so hard
Has reason to repine.

And (16) COLERIDGE, namby-pamby's prince,
Sinks in the Muse's strife ;
His verse just daring to evince
As much soul as his wife !

Then (17) Treas'ry WHARTON tried a flight,
 But nothing might avail;
 Dismal as Roncevalles' fight,
 His best exertions fail.

(18) Sir JAMES BLAND BURGESS, softest name,
 Among the Muses' train,
 Essays his skill, but sinks with shame,
 Ne'er to revive again.

And (19) LAUREATE PYE, alas! alas!
 It grieves me to relate,
 E'en he, rejected with disgrace,
 Laments a fallen state.

(20) PRATT's Gleanings no kind fate controls,
 No Sympathy they find
 In Combe or Holland's tender souls,
 Or Whitbread's sterner mind.

And (21) GIFFORD vainly strikes the lyre;
 His loyal numbers flow,
 Where none the loyal verse admire,
 Or care to deck his brow.

Infirm and aged (22) PINDAR tries
 To raise the song once more;
 But satire's point all broken lies
 Detested on the floor.

(23) Now forward rush a dreadful throng
 Of Things who try to sing,
 But buz, like gnats, their tuneless song,
 Without the gnat's sharp sting.

Sweet, senseless, simpering (24) Sir JOHN CARR
 No more abroad need roam;
 Nor stranger be in lands afar,
 A stranger now at home.

Rejected (25) HORACE rhymes in vain,
He 'scapes the audience hiss;
No Kemble friends at Drury Lane
Draw out an *empty* Twiss.

(26) FITZGERALD's ravings lose their worth;
Of fury full and sound,
His *literary fund* brings forth
No fund of "Twenty Pound."

Like disappointments (27) KENNY freeze,
Left in the race behind;
He deem'd he with a farce might please,
But could not "Raise the Wind."

(28) CHARLES KEMBLE, full of German lore,
And French translated wit,
Though quite *original* his store,
Fail'd too the prize to hit.

(29) DIMOND's insipid verses run,
He thought the meed his own,
Because so aptly his "Red Sun
On smoking ruins shone."

And (30) ARNOLD, Dimond's counterpart,
With equal genius blest,
On Cumberland employ'd his art,
But yet the laurel miss'd.

Illustrious two—where could a third
Be found thy fame to match?

(31) DIBDIN, advance! prompter preferr'd,
And at the honour catch.

And last, not least in merit's sweep,
To reach the envied throne:
Strive, let not all thy *beauties* sleep,
Sweet-scented (32) SKEFFINGTON.

Al! me! in vain their skulls they (33) *mill*,
With brains so fully cramm'd;
Damn the Committee those, whom still
The public taste has damn'd.

(34) For BUSBY's son I needs must wail,
God rest his Muse in peace!
Who, jumping on the stage to rail,
Was nabb'd by the police!

These all dispos'd of, sing my Muse,
Oh sing the dreadful jar!
When Lord meets Lord, then, then ensues—
Then comes the tug of war!

His wond'rous powers but barely tried
In chanting Portugal:
Advance (35) Childe Harold, (36) Grenville cried,
With thee I'll try a *fall*;

Let you and me to rhyme agree,
And set these bards aside.
Accurs'd, Childe Harold said, be he
By whom this is denied.

They rhym'd, and England's tongue abus'd
With pens of feathery spire,
Until the ink which they had us'd
Of paper spoilt a quire.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Shot from a curs'd Review!
That struck Lord George with horrid spleen,
And pierc'd him through and through.

Against the *talents* of this Lord
So right the shaft was set,
The grey-goose quill that wrote the word
Was with his sad tears wet.

Then stooping, Harold took, with scorn,
The murder'd poet's hand,
(37) 'Twas well, said he, to wealth thou 'wert born,
Else thou had'st ne'er had land.

Then Holland, Harold having ta'en
Around the neck, did say,
Ne'er be forgot, at Drury Lane,
The rhyming of this day.

The crown, the glorious crown, be thine,
And Twenty Guineas too;
Homage and profit, bard divine,
Belong alike to you.

God save the King, and bless our time
With poetry and peace;
And grant henceforth that fits of rhyme
'Mong noblemen may cease.

NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

1. Colman.—It is reported that this prolific genius wrote twenty Addresses, at the rate of one per night, when inspired with a "skinful of wine." They were all rejected.

2. Walter Scott is at present employed on a new Poem, entitled Rokeby.

3. Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope.

4. Anacreon Moore.—In some instances he has suffered his fancy to mislead his judgment; the consequence is, that much of his poetry is of a tendency too dangerous to be tolerated in virtuous society.

5. Alluding to the Saloon in the New Theatre, which is fitted up with all that a lascivious imagination could desire, in order to promote the intents of the place. Ottomans, &c. &c. ! seem to cry out with Lear—

"To't, luxury, pell mell."

6. Monk Lewis, well-known for his horrible imaginings.

7. Crabbe, the author of the *Borough*, and other admired poems.

8. Shree, author of the *Elements of Art*, and an artist of excellent ability.

9. Croker, the poetical secretary to the admiralty. His earliest work

was a poem on the Dublin Theatricals. The fracas with Mrs. Clarke is in the recollection of all the world.

10. Theodore Hooke, the writer of *Tekeli*, and other successful Dramatic Trifles. He was grievously suspected of the Berners Street Hoax.

11. Taylor, well-known as the author of the humorous tale of *Monsieur Tonson*, and of innumerable prologues and epilogues.

12. "Chirping Bardlings" of the Lakes of Cumberland, where a colony of these Della Cruscan Triflers warble their native melodies. Aiming at simplicity, they become childish; at sublimity, unnatural; at nature, silly; at beauty, affected; and at novelty, absurd. Among these the most celebrated are,

13. Southey, to whose Gaffer Gray shivering and shaking an allusion is made;

14. Wordsworth, another, "like the first," who is compared to,

15. Alice Fell, the heroine of one of his pathetic fooleries; and,

16. Coleridge, "a third, and like the former." He has parted, we are told, from his wife, because, as he says, she has no soul!!!

17. The poetic fury has attacked even the Treasury, the Secretary of which has written a poem, entitled *Roncevalles*. One would think these people who touch the cash, might leave the idle trade to poorer men.

18. Burges, author of the *Exodiad*, and other stupid works.

19. The Poet Laureat, celebrated for dull odes, and wise annotations upon Shakspeare.

20. Pratt, whose *Gleanings*, and poem entitled *Sympathy*, are generally known.

21. Gifford, the able vindicator of sterling legitimate poetry; and the champion, who, by his writings, vanquished a false and vicious taste, which threatened the destruction of all that was excellent in the British School.

22. Dr. Wolcot, now reduced to a state of second childhood. Some catchpenny pretenders continue to usurp his name, and disgrace the Muse.

23. The tribe of Poetasters, who now infest the ditches about the bottom of Parnassus. Several of them are specifically named in the following verses. Unluckily for the public, a junta of these would-be genuises have obtained the direction of our Dramatic Entertainments, whence they exclude every work of merit, and suffer nothing to be produced but their own execrable trash.

24. Sir John Carr, a great traveller, and a stranger to all the countries he has visited. He has also published a volume of Sonnets, &c. a circumstance with which, we dare say, few of our readers were acquainted.

25. Horace Twiss, one of our Metropolitan Minor Bards, of whom it may have been heard that he wrote the Valedictory Address spoken by

Mrs. Siddons, to whom he is related. The story of the Twiss, alluded to in the last line of the verse, pertains to an ancestor of this poet, and is well known in Ireland.

26. Fitzgerald, who spouts one of his own effusions annually, at the Literary Fund dinner.

27. Kenny, a farce writer of some talent. Raising the Wind is one of his best productions.

28. C. Kemble, the performer, who has done his part towards debauching the stage, by translating vile trash from the French and German.

29. Dimond, a puling scribbler, whose fopperies are forced upon the town through certain interest he possesses with the theatrical managers. The Age of Reason is, however, dawning, and these nonsensical vagaries will speedily be put down. The words marked as copied are from the Foundling of the Forest. Lord Byron seems to have had them in his eye when he talks of the "Red shadow of a revolving column of flame."

30. Arnold, another Worthy among these *Drame*-makers; and, as viceroy to Whitbread, entrusted with the supreme management of the New Theatre, Drury Lane. His own pieces are d—d by the public, and he privately damns all rivals. His mangling of Cumberland has been noticed in preceding numbers of the SATIRIST.

31. Tom Dibdin, the Prompter of the same Theatre. Worthy a place in the triumvirate.

32. Skeffington, a remarkable fop, well known upon the town. He is of the *Missy* breed, like Dimond. He produced the *Sleeping Beauty*, and other works of great genius.

33. *Mill*, the fashionable phrase for beating.

34. Dr. Busby and his son, the translators of Lucretius. The young gentleman made his first appearance on any stage, on the 14th, at Drury Lane. The Committee wisely conceal their names, and are thus evidently saved from assassination by the hands of disappointed poets.

35. Childe Harold, the poetical name of Lord Byron, who has carried off the prize in this grand *Battle of the Bards*. It is currently reported, that he presented his Address to Lord Holland, regularly authenticated with his signature; and Lord Holland having transmitted it to the Committee, it was adopted at once, and all those sent in pursuant to the advertisement thrown aside.

FIAT JUSTITIA :—FIE AT JUSTICE!

36. Lord George Grenville, a Bard of no ignoble name. His Lordship has composed a Poem called *Portugal*, or at least put his name to it; and, to say the truth, it is just such a poem as such a Lord might write. 'Tis well for him, as his victorious adversary asserts, (37) that he had not his fortune to make by his wits.

THE TEMPLE OF SUICIDE!!!

The veriest wretch who soonest dies
Is soonest with the blest !

To be sure he is, Mr. Satirist ; and I am astonished that, in a work such as you profess your Monthly Meteor to be, you should not long ago have dipped your pen into the black liquid of authors which resembles the waters of Styx (*Styx atra*—vide Virgil's Georgics), to vindicate our national character, and the numerous individuals who have of late died like Britons in support of it, from the obloquy with which the enemies of our dearest rights endeavour to overwhelm us on this interesting subject. In the introduction of your predecessors, and I think I see enough in the conduct of your NEW SERIES to induce a belief that you will not deviate from so excellent a principle, it is said, "our partialities are entirely and truly British ; and so far from blushing at their existence, or apologizing for their influence, we honestly confess, that they are those of which we do not wish to outlive the extinction." This was spoken like men, and like Englishmen ; but I am grieved to observe, that either from the change of editors, or from this *prospectus* being, like others, couched in language to inveigle readers at the outset, making fair promises, like candidates for parliamentary honours, and forgetting them with equal speed and facility, or from other unknown causes, the fruit is not in abundance, what the blossom was in promise. Had the Satirist not deserted his pledge, had he not sacrificed his "British partialities," he never could have borne to stand idly by and see our dearest prejudices and most

sacred privileges assaulted and mangled, as they have lately been on the indefeasible and glorious right we enjoy to commit SUICIDE! For shame, Sir! rouse from this apathy, shake off the lethargy that has benumbed your faculties, stand boldly forward in your country's cause, maintain your own consistency, and, if need be, illustrate by your example * what you may fail in defending by your writings. In the mean time, till you can buckle on your armour, or tie on your final cravat, accept the following humble but well-meant Essay, in support of the free and independent principle for which some of our fathers have bled, "*that every Englishman has a right to slay himself, when, where, and how he pleases!*"

Some of the detestable casuists who have attempted to rob, or argue us out of this inestimable national prerogative, tell us, in one sentence, that it is most cowardly to fly from the ills of life by skulking to our graves; and in the next they paint, in glowing colours, the "horrible daring" that would tempt us to rush unprepared into the presence of a Creator incensed by the destruction of his own handiwork. Now it is impossible that this proposition can hang together. Can there be in logic a more stupid and palpable contradiction than that which asserts the man to be a coward who boldly conceives, firmly undertakes, and resolutely executes the most intrepid of all human actions, fearlessly offends an almighty Divinity, and, as it were, leaps the broad barrier of mortality to meet him face to face in combat, like the apostate angel of yore? If this bravery does not entitle a man to another epithet than that of coward, I must confess I am utterly at

* We thank our Correspondent for this advice, but humbly hope we may be able to do more service with the quill than the pistol—with ink than with hemlock!—*Scot.*

a loss to imagine what feat of gallantry will procure for him the title of courageous. These, in my judgment, are not of that despicable description of creatures whom the apprehension of death, or the terrors of hell alone, restrain from crime. They despise death, and with the Scottish bard exclaim—

The fear of hell's a hangman's whip
To hold the wretch in order.

If virtuous at all, they have the merit of not being virtuous through dread, but virtuous for virtue's own sweet sake.

Having thus demonstrated, that the being who commits Suicide must be brave and good, I proceed to show that he must be wise also. And here I cannot help noticing the arrogance of the censors above alluded to, in assuming, as a basis of argument in all these cases, that the spirited self-slaughterer is unfit and unprepared to die. It is really the height of presumption in any one to suppose that they know better than a person himself does, when he is fit and prepared to die. It were as consistent to pretend to superior intelligence as to the state of his appetites, to contradict him when he avers that he is hungry or thirsty, and contend that he must be mistaken. Granting then that a man is the best judge of his own actions, which is a maxim in every body's mouth, it follows that he cannot do a wiser act than depart from this life whenever he feels himself ready for the journey—*in utrumque paratus*. Circumstances may arise to render him less fit, and then, instead of his *taking death*, death may take him,

Unhousel'd, unanointed, unaneal'd,
With all his imperfections on his head :

for though we have it in our power to die when we think

it convenient, you will have the goodness to observe, that we have not the ability of postponing FATE, when he appears with his hour-glass run to the dregs, and his scythe newly whetted, even at a time when it may suit us very indifferently to attend to his summons!

Brave, wise, good, and I may add, patriotic (without entering into an argument on that point, for Suicide is acknowledged to be an English national merit), can we withhold our admiration from the man who "wilfully seeks his own salvation;" and, in the true spirit of independence, uses his own sound discretion in the most material event of his life—namely, his leaving it? Certainly not!—and so convinced am I of the expediency of exercising this discretion, and the transcendent glory to be derived from the commission of *felo de se*, that I would hang myself to-morrow for the satisfaction of enjoying it, could I *only* be assured that any means were afforded to departed spirits to hear and see what the world said of them behind their backs, or in the words of Ossian—

"To live on their former fame."

Nothing can be more unjust than to censure our countrymen and contemporaries for the very act which, in an ancient Greek or Roman, we should laud and magnify as a proof of the most heroic constancy, patriotism, and magnanimity. Why should we (the present Westminster election reminds me of the comparison), why should we deny the same meed to Paull which we assign to Cato? As the one would not outlive the Liberties of Rome, so neither would the other outlive the Liberties of Westminster!

But I may be told that the Christian religion renders that now a crime, which in less favoured and enlightened times might be accounted a virtue. I deny the conclusion,

Truth is immutable, and neither times nor seasons can change right into wrong! Besides, will it be asserted, that the Christian religion is calculated to render mankind weak, timid, and pusillanimous? No! It gives us a well-assured firmness and resolution. How then are we to understand the matter, when we hear those blessed with the *new light*, and fervent *in the spirit*, expressing, in ardent and at the same time in wailing unavailing language, how much their "*souls long for immortality?*" These are dastardly and no true Christians, else we might address them in the words of Lady Macbeth—

———Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour,

As thou art in desire * * * *

* * * * *

And live a coward in thine own esteem;

Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,

Like the poor CAT i' the adage!

I contend that such is not the effect of the pure spirit of the Christian faith, Roman or Protestant, but that, on the contrary, it promotes, encourages, and patronizes Suicide!

Before the immortality of the soul, and its eternal future existence in bliss or misery, was clearly revealed, mankind, groping in the dark, and wading in the mist of conjecture on this important subject, had to venture on a vast unknown and apparently dismal bourne—

Non secus ac si quâ penitens vi terra dehiscens

Infernas reseret sedes, et regna recludat

Pallida, Diis invisâ; supérq; immane barathrum

Cernatur, trepidéntque immisso lumine Manes:

from which bourne no traveller e'er returned, with a fine quarto volume of the "*STRANGER IN THE OTHER*

WORLD," full of anecdotes, and replete with marvellous merrie conceits and pretty stories. But since the promulgation of the doctrines of Christianity, we know that our state in this life is merely probationary, and that all our hopes and affections are, or at least ought to be, fixed on another world; settled on things above. Here then is the grand distinction between Pagan and Christian. The former was acquainted with nothing better than the delights of his present state; the latter views his present state as one of disappointment, trial, and difficulty. The former was bound in by all the social ties, the duties he owed to his dependants, his friends, his family, his country; but the latter owes a duty to himself paramount to all these, for what are kindred, family, friends, or country, to the safety of his own immortal soul? Has not the good Christian then a great inducement to die, of which the Heathen could have no conception? When tired of his trial he is right to call for a verdict. When prepared to shuffle off this mortal coil, no worldly ties ought to have any weight with him, but on the contrary he ought instantly to have weight with the tie of that cord which gives him to superior and lasting enjoyments.

It may indeed be said, that many of the precepts of the Christian religion are directly hostile to my assertions. All I can answer to this is, and I trust the answer will be thought satisfactory, that *I am not acquainted with them*, and the only time I ever heard such doctrine delivered from the pulpit was by an itinerant preacher in Scotland, who, before administering the most holy of the Sacraments, desired that "no drunkards, adulterers, false-swearers, nor *any who had committed Suicide*, should dare to approach the table of the Lord!"—I must acknowledge too, that so universal was the conviction among his auditors, that the latter description of crimi-

nals were unworthy of the occasion; though many of the other classes overstepped the injunction, not one of those in whose behalf I now wield my pen presumed to appear!

The only remaining solid objection that I can anticipate against the persons in whose defence this Essay is written, is, that they commit the act of Suicide from some distaste of life, or in disgust at some trifling misfortune that may have befallen them, and during a species of temporary lunacy which disappointment creates, and not after due reflection, and balancing maturely both sides of the account. To this I answer, in the first place, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*," and therefore the matter admits of no argument. Secondly, a disgust at life can only be generated by a consciousness of guilt; and the man who puts a period to his existence under this feeling, is merely executing that justice on himself which the laws of society would inflict were society as well acquainted with his crimes as he is himself. Is it not then more magnanimous to perform justice even on oneself, than wait the chance of discovery and the tardy inflictions of the law?

Thus it appears, upon the whole, that they are in general the most brave, wise, patriotic, good, and religious persons who are induced to take a quick step into a better world; and if, as there is no rule without exception, they should happen to be bad, foolish, or intemperate men, who adopt this splendid resolution, that then they are simply, by an act of justice at the termination of their lives, making some atonement for their vices during their continuance. They are consequently *all* worthy of praise, celebrity, and honour.

That such may be their high reward, I take the liberty of submitting to the public, through the medium of a work

of national utility, a few general hints on the proper mode of evincing the grateful sentiments of Great Britain towards those who have shed their own blood, shot, hanged, poisoned, stabbed, or drowned themselves, for the purpose of preserving entire and irreproachable their country's character for "nobly daring"—of maintaining our dearest charter; and proving to all the world, that a free-born Briton is as free to die in support of any of his immunities!

If these hints are approved of, I may submit details hereafter, should I feel inclined to survive this present November—the grand outline is as follows—for a

TEMPLE OF SUICIDE.

So soon as a Suicide is committed, the body of the patriot shall become public property.

The Coroner, or some higher *de-Functionary* nominated to that office, shall immediately take the corpse, and expose it for *three* days in a public place, also to be appointed, in order to inspire the survivors with the glorious principle of emulation, which will doubtless fill their breasts when they contemplate the awfully impressive distorted limbs and agonized features of the deceased hero, whether he died by lead, steel, water, or hemp, of which latter article I rejoice to see, by the newspapers, that "a sufficient quantity has been received from *Saint Petersburg*, for '*three years' consumption*.'"

But as the fame thus obtained would only be transitory, whereas it ought to be everlasting—*ere perrennius*—it would be requisite to erect a MIGHTY TEMPLE somewhere about the metropolis (say *Constitution Hill*), where plaster, stucco, marble, and other full-length representations of the illustrious dead might be preserved, for the purpose of exciting the emulation of posterity.

These statues should be modelled from the person as above exposed, and portray death to the life; to the pedestal of each should be affixed a scroll, stating the name, family, circumstances, apparent cause of self-destruction, and other particulars relative to the distinguished individual. In the upper compartments of the fane the painter might exercise his art, and on the glowing ceiling the spectator might behold the most lively images of dying in all its various forms and branches. The statuary and painter would in these works have a fair field offered for objects *exquisitely finished* and most *capitally executed*; and their glory would be immortal, though their subjects were *no more*! I would recommend that the sacred building be surrounded by a grove of oak, emblematic of its being a truly English Institution. The landscape would be rendered interesting by the numerous figures with which it must soon be adorned. Many Englishmen would naturally *attach* themselves to their country's oaks, and we should see the most worthy and patriotic members of society, as on all great emergencies, faithfully *hanging together*. The cordage employed on such occasions would give the wood a marine or naval appearance; and this might be increased by taking in the canal, into which other devoted patriots, male and female, would conscientiously dive for the preservation of the honour of their native land, which is certainly best accomplished by water.

In these *deep* solitudes and awful repositories of departed patriotism, the youthful hearts of the rising generation would be inspired with that contempt for death, and that thirst for glory, which renders man the most noble of created beings. As they contemplated the gashes and gaps through which life had been let out, they would feel their bosoms glow with supernatural ardour;

and, whether it were to die or to dine, they would retire from the influential atmosphere of the Temple which they loved, with equal composure, firmness, and magnanimity. Oh blessed days, when it might be fashionable for a gentleman to quit a company with "Good bye; I am going to the Temple to hang myself:" or a lady to take an affectionate leave of her disconsolate but exulting husband with, "Adieu, my love; I am going to heaven by the canal!"

Bards too! would rise to sing this glorious theme. Thus independant of the national benefits to be reaped from the preservation of these brilliant examples, the TEMPLE OF SUICIDES would be the nurse of the arts. Divine poesy, painting, and sculpture, would here have the most admirable scope for exertion, and with this advantage too, that, whenever an author or artist failed in one way, he might render himself immortal in another. If his pen, or pencil, or chissel failed, his penknife, or pistol, or halter, might with superior glory be employed.

To crown the whole, three Laureats might be appointed from the *worst* poets of the age (because the perusal of their writings is enough to cause a man to hang himself), whose sole occupation and duty it should be to immortalize, in appropriate strains, the honoured Beings who obtained niches in the Temple. These, bound up in foolscap and preserved, would supply the place of Archives, and, if publicly recited upon stated occasions, would have an excellent and constitutional effect. Another great advantage would be, that such readings might supersede the use of religious worship, not only in London, but throughout the country, where there would certainly be speedily erected universal provincial chapels on the plan of my Metropolitan Temple.

Such, Sir, are the outlines of a plan which will do

honour to all who patronize and promote it. So fraught with benefits, so teeming with resplendent results, I sincerely hope, that, coming from an individual humble as I am, will not operate to obscure the grandeur of the idea; but that, being seen in a work like yours, devoted to real patriotism and to the best interests and prosperity of Great Britain, it may awaken the feeling of some yet undiscovered Hampden, who (not to sink into bathos) will open a vein—of subscription at Lloyd's, call a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, or in some other way commence the grand undertaking, which needs only to be begun to be crowned with success.

My hopes are encouraged by the fitness of the time—the rest I leave to the Fates, and am,

Sir,

Yours, till death,

GOLGOTHA.

*Butcher's Row,
the first of gloomy November,
Anno 1812.*

DRURY LANE—OPENING ADDRESS.

WE have abstracted the Address written by Lord Byron, and spoken by Mr. Elliston, on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, from the portion of our work allotted to the Review of Theatrical affairs, because the circumstances which preceded and led to this poem, as well as the distinguished name of its author, appeared to recommend it to a more particular and select notice than it would have attained amid the mass of matter belonging

to the *mimic world*, which has this month flowed in upon us.

The Committee appointed to manage the *New Theatre*, having *ab initio* set out on the principle that every thing pertaining thereto ought to be conducted on a *new plan*, and determined that the *new* house should have *new* ways, *new* rules, *new* renters, and *new* systems, among other of their freaks resolved to obtain an Address to the Public by means entirely original and *New*. They accordingly advertised all those whom it might concern, that persons who had been bitten by the Muse might transmit their ravings to the Committee of Management, marked in a certain way, but most religiously concealing names, in order to avoid undue preference and partiality; and the said Committee would scan, compare, judge, and decide upon the most meritorious, which should consequently receive the honour of the laurel, and be recited on the night of Opening the Theatre. The judges of these competitory productions were, like those of Hell, three in number, and selected with all that respect to diversity which in combination is likely to conduce to a right result. The triumvirate was composed of one peer and two commoners—one poet and two prozers—one Lord and two Brewers; and the only points in which they coincided were in being all three parliament men, all three politicians, all three in opposition to the Government of their country. Their names, as we understand, were VASSAL HOLLAND, SAMUEL WHITBREAD, and HARVEY CHRISTIAN COMBE. Like the presidents at the Olympic Games, they pledged themselves to act impartially, to take no bribes, and not to discover why they rejected or crowned the candidates; but we have not heard whether, like these Presidents, they sat naked, and interdicted the appearance of women under the

penalty of being thrown down from a rock. Perhaps the cold weather prevented their following the ancient example in the former case, and Lady H——d might object to their pursuing the precedent in the latter! But be that as it may, they soon found that they had opened a sluice and floodgate, through which an outrageous torrent of rhyme poured in upon them. Lord Holland exclaimed with the poet—

———“beyond a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is broke out;”

and the brother brewers ordered a dray with a double allowance of horses to attend in Brydges Street, for the purpose of carrying off the rubbish.

How they formed their opinion, and on what grounds they decided, themselves only know. Whether, like Bobadil, “by some certain instinct” which they possessed, or whether by a course more obvious, it is unnecessary for us to guess; but sure we are, that the glorious distinction fell to the lot of a *parliamant man*, a *politician*, and one in opposition to the Government of his country just like themselves!!!!!! Who will now venture to affirm that there are no *sympathies* in our natures? Let him take his answer HERE, or, denying conviction, confess himself suspicious, and insinuate that the rank of the Lord, and the merits of the Politician, had as much influence on this occasion as the elevation, the dignity, and the superiority of the bard.

Having briefly narrated the history of this poetical competition, and noticed the singular coincidences that attend on the election of the PINDAR of the contest, we shall proceed to offer a few observations on the *prize poem* itself, which, though like his Grace of Bedford’s *prize pigs, sheep, or oxen*, it may be great, fair, fat, and full of

juice and marrow, is yet, also, like his Grace's prize pigs, sheep, and oxen, burdened with a *quantum* of offal.

Of Lord Byron, as a man of talent and a poet of genius, our opinion is explicitly given in the Review of his *Childe Harold*, &c. in our last and present number; and we are free to acknowledge, that if called upon to pitch on a bard pre-eminently qualified to write such an Address as the present, his Lordship would have stood very near the first on our catalogue. But, in looking at this subject, we do not consider the poem of Lord Byron, but the poem which, in a *private public* competition, to which all the genius of Britain was invited, has been declared the BEST by the umpires on the trial. It is the essence of British poetry that we criticise; which, if the judges have not been led astray by the example of *Midas* at the other house, is an essence which we will venture at once to pronounce to be so entirely *pyreumatic* as to savour nothing of the *Midnight Oil*. It consists of the seventy-three lines which follow—

- “ IN one dread night, our city saw—and sigh’d—
Bow’d to the dust, the Drama’s tow’r of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.
5 Ye, who beheld, oh sight admir’d and mourn’d!
Whose radiance mock’d the ruin it adorn’d!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel’s pillar, chase the night from heaven,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
10 Shake its red shadow o’er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng’d around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall’d, and trembled for their home;
As glar’d the volum’d blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
15 Till black’ning ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp’d the Muse’s realm, and mark’d her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Rear’d, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,

- Know the same favor which the former knew,
 20 A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and you?
 Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*.—
- 25 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
 As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
 Some hour, propitious to our pray'rs, may boast
 30 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart:
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew:
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
 35 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
 That only *waste* their odors o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumb'ring muse.
- 40 With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
 Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead!
 Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled or Brinsley ceas'd to write,
 Heirs to their labors, like all high born heirs,
 45 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of theirs.
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imag'd shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
 50 Pause—ere their feebl' offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them!
 Friends of the stage—to whom both Play'rs and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 65 The boundless pow'r to cherish or reject,
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame,
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste, it dar'd not mend,
 60 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!—

- Oh! since your *Fiat* stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause.
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's pow'rs,
 65 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!—
 This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too—whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 70 The curtain rises—May our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
 Britons our judges, nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please: long—long may *you* preside.

Such is the pæan which won the crown—a pæan which it may be remarked has most rigidly adhered to the hints of the Morning Chronicle, and most carefully abstained from any allusion to our victorious arms on the Peninsula, or any mention of the glories of a Wellington. In this respect it departs from the ancient model; and, for our parts, we cannot see why a subject which would ennoble any strain should have been so *guardedly excluded* from one where it would have been so appropriate—the Opening of a NATIONAL THEATRE! Perhaps it is more consonant to Lord Byron's British feelings to dwell on such scenes as the Convention of Cintra (which he seems to do with great complacency, see page 347 of the *Satirist* for October), than on the splendid achievements which have succeeded it—certain we are, that it would be more agreeable to a proportion of his judges to hear nothing, than to hear a great deal about the war on the Peninsula. But passing by this, which *may have been* an *accidental* circumstance, we shall proceed methodically to dissect this Address, and endeavour to ascertain whether it possesses paramount claims on our admiration for the pathos and sublimity of its sentiments, the grandeur of its expression, the energy and magnificence of its

style, the boldness and justice of its metaphors, the harmony of its numbers, and the elegance of its diction.

We shall commence our anatomical operation by stating, that, in our opinion, there are exactly, out of seventy-three, two unexceptionably good lines—namely, the fifteenth and sixteenth. They breathe a sweet tenderness, and are most poetical as well as most appropriate and pleasing. The four introductory lines are neither remarkable for excellence nor defect, and the only critical remarks that occur to us upon them is, that the word “beheld,” in the third, is again employed in the fifth line, which is indicative of carelessness, and the want of attention to the task of giving a final polish to the poem. There is also no small measure of presumption in the allegation, that on the fall of Drury “Shakspeare ceased to reign.” The performances at Covent Garden Theatre, for the two following years, afford the best refutation to this calumny. Would we could say they continued to do so—but “the hour of their glory is past.” With the fifth line we begin to get into the clouds of poetry, which leave the clear sky of common sense and meaning in a state of obscuration. Omitting the apostrophe, which is a plagiarism, and has nothing to do with the sense, the sentence in *plain prose* is as follows :

“Ye who beheld the massy fragments, riven through clouds of fire, chase the night from Heaven like Israel’s pillar”—which, to our humble apprehension, is downright nonsense, for we can neither understand what are “*clouds of fire*,” nor how any “*massy fragments*” could “*chase the night from Heaven*.” This is a confusion of metaphor on the part of the author, who naturally assimilating fragments of a building to a pillar, forgot that this pillar was a pillar of fire. The image is very ill chosen, and the comparison most imperfect. In line ten, “*red shadow*”

is a vile phrase, for the *reflection* of flames upon the water is not, correctly speaking, a *shadow*; neither is it *red*, but of a bright *yellow* colour. In lines thirteen and fourteen, the catastrophe, which has already been described as “clouds of fire,”—“like Israel’s pillar,”—“a column of revolving (i. e. *revolutionary*) flames,”—and a “a volumed blaze,” we are now told, is *lightnings* awful as those of the skies,

———“and ghastly shone

The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;”

so that it is evident that the burning of Drury Lane Theatre not only “startled Thames,” but even made the skies look “ghastly,” though we can see no reason for so much terror, as the theatrical lightnings were not *more* awful than those belonging to the skies; and therefore it might be supposed the said skies needed not to have looked pale at the sight of what they were accustomed to. Line eighteen, we are *modestly* informed, that the late “pile” of Drury was “the mightiest in our isle,” and asked if the present not less aspiring building shall know the same favour with the former, that is, the favour of a shrine for Shakspeare? To which question, for the information of Lord Byron, Messrs. Whitbread, Arnold, and Co. we will answer, that the British Public is too liberal not to reward sterling desert, and therefore, if they will act good plays, and procure good actors, they will meet with all the success they merit, and even with a degree of favour beyond their mere deservings. But, if it be a “shrine for Shakspeare,” and “worthy” of him (line twenty), it ought to be a temple where his divine genius is worshipped with becoming rites by an illustrious priesthood, and not an altar where his mangled form is devoted and strewed around as a sacrifice by officiating curates of the lowest order. Perhaps Mr.

Elliston, in *Hamlet*, as he spoke the Address, will know what we mean, take the hint, and avoid TRAGEDY as his bane without an antidote. The author, however, answers his own question in a more summary, and, to the theatrical managers and performers, in a more satisfactory manner than we have done; for he, like an oracle, exclaims, "Yes, it shall be"—and why? Because "the magic of that name defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame (flame *personified*) still consecrates the scene on the same spot, and bids the Drama be where SHE hath been." This conclusive reasoning is confirmed by the New Theatre itself, for

"This fabric's birth attests the potent spell;"

and, therefore, if the new renters complain of curtailed privileges, and promises kept to the ear but broken to the understanding, they will perceive that they have not to blame Mr. WHITEHEAD's human arts for *jockeying* them out of their *five hundreds* at half the common rate of interest, and the surrender of legal prior claims; but that the potent spell of Shakspeare's name has tickled them out of their money, and built a fine shrine, where others (not they) may worship him!!

Following this, is a retrospect of the stage, which introduces Mrs. Siddons, Garrick, and Sheridan in the character of Menander, who was styled by the Athenians the "Prince of the *New Comedy*," and drowned himself *in water*. The numbers in which these favourites are noticed flow in an easy and elegant manner, and convey to us in musical language the important information, that Mrs. Siddons made her first, and Mr. Garrick his last, appearance at Drury Lane; and that the Muse of Brinsley having, like the Sleeping Beauty, fallen into a heavy slumber, he has "ceased to write." We are moreover ad-

vised not “to hoard our honours idly for the dead:” which is precisely one of those counsels which we cannot comprehend at all; it speaks a language little becoming in the noble writer.

“Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceas'd to write;
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry, as they of theirs.

Query—What does this mean? How can an *actor*, in which character the Address is delivered, be vain of the ancestry of a dramatic *author*; or what right has Mr. Elliston, either in *propria persona*, or as Hamlet the Prince of Denmark, to claim the paternity of Mr. Sheridan, either in *propria persona*, or as Menander, the Prince of the New Comedy? But if, on the other hand, the vain boast of ancestry of these high or garret-born heirs, refers only to Siddons and Garrick, we step forward boldly to proclaim them as *arrant bastards* as ever *usurped honourable names*.

The comparison of Banquo's glass is the most ingenious and beautiful image in the poem, and its appropriate introduction excuses its want of originality. The *pun* upon the

“Immortal names emblazon'd in *our line*”

is unworthy of the rest of the passage. As Young Rapid says, “*Oh! sink the shop.*”

Next comes (line 52, *et seqq.*) an appeal to the audience—the “friends of the stage”—

Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless pow'r to cherish and reject—

which said couplet comes under our sentence with the *incomprehensibles*. The judging eye is palpable enough, but the judging voice is not so clear; and as for their

directing a boundless power”—to our shame be it spoken, we can neither make head nor tail of it. Oh, for a second edition, with notes and explanations!

Allons donc ! The plot thickens—

“ If e'er frivolity has led to fame.”

How absurd the idea ! Frivolity never did and never can lead to fame, though it may lead to profit, being forced down the public throat by the persevering folly of those to whom the direction of the stage has been un- luckily transferred. It is idle and impudent gossiping to accuse the public of “ sickly taste,” and of debauching the drama. How could such taste originate, if the mawkish dishes had not been first presented by our theatrical cooks, and served up with gaudy garnishing, till the palate of the unskilful multitude was vitiated, and the opinion of the well-informed and judicious few completely overwhelmed ? In this they have persisted till even the “ groundlings ” exclaim against the practice, and never did there exist a more universal sentiment than that now in force against Melo-Dramas, Romantic Plays, Spectacles, and the whole course of trash with which the stage is inundated. There is a general outcry against them ; and yet they are represented nightly, to the exclusion of every thing like legitimate Tragedy, Comedy, or even Farce.

Did the public voice call for horses, and elephants, and dogs, and asses, that the “ *sinking stage* ” should “ *con- descend* ” and “ *blush* ” to use them ? No ! The theatrical managers were the sole cause and source of these disgusting and disgraceful puppet-shows. But we have gone sufficiently into this subject elsewhere, and shall lash the system till either the managers are shamed or starved out of it, and we are again enabled to enjoy a
BRITISH STAGE.

There is nothing further remarkable in the Address, save that it *proclaims* Mr. ELLISTON to be the "Herald of the Drama," in which case, perhaps, he might have performed another part in the opening Tragedy with more skill and eclat than he played Hamlet—the part we allude to is, that of the "Herald of the Morn," "*the Early Village Cock*," which "thrice does salutation to the morn." It concludes with two horribly poor lines, which are ushered in by a couplet that may literally be said to contain a stage-trap, through which either the Ghost in the play, or this ghost of a poem, might most fitly disappear to be seen no more, and never to be regretted.

Such is the famous Drury Lane Address.

Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

I OBSERVE, in your last number, you have candidly inserted Mr. ACKERMAN'S defence of his *late* OWL, upon which, as the cause of controversy is removed, I shall beg leave to offer only a very few brief observations.

In the first place, I have to remark, that Mr. Ackerman does not venture to deny the charge which I brought against him, but appeals for his justification to "every one who walks the streets of London." An appeal, Sir! which, from the *trifling difficulties* attendant upon taking the verdict, is precisely of the kind most convenient for

a lame cause. He afterwards confesses, indeed, that numerous letters, intended for the Post-office, were continually thrust down the maw of his fowl; and does recollect my calling upon him for an explanation relative to a letter which I unwillingly intrusted to the bird, and found, from experience, that it was *no bird of passage*. He consequently boasts of his civility, in which I now assure, as I before assured you, I was so far mistaken as to think impertinent. As this gent. however, says, that he intended to be polite, I must take the will for the deed, at the same time stating, that it was the most awkward attempt at courtesy I ever beheld, and strongly reminded me of the graceful demeanour of a dancing bear, which, amid all his *congés*, is yet a rough, clumsy, growling, savage brute.

Your correspondent hints, that a partnership had subsisted between him and the Goddess of Wisdom, who kindly allowed her own bird to port himself in the window of the shop; and takes great credit to himself for not "betraying ladies' secrets." With regard to the first of these points, I have merely to observe, that if ever so unlikely a partnership existed, it is now at least satisfactory to know that it is dissolved, and the emblem of union taken away. ACKERMAN, MINERVA, and Co. was indeed a firm too heterogeneous to last long. With respect to the second matter, I confess I do not know that this defendant is guilty of betraying ladies' secrets, but have rather reason to believe that his habits (or let me say, the habits of his Owl) were of an opposite nature, and more inclined to the *discovery* than the *disclosure* of private business in which the fair sex were concerned. At all events, I can vouch for one instance in which a lady's secret, however *curiously* obtained, could not

again be wrested from this gallant spirit—he certainly would not betray my letter!

With thanks for your kind indulgence,

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Your faithful servant and admirer,

A NAVAL OFFICER.

TO THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

IN your last number, shooting folly as it flies, you took a tolerably correct aim at Romeo Coates, Mr. Beverley the Richmond Theatrical Manager, and the notorious Anthony Pasquin; and, in my opinion, in a very sportsmanlike manner *bagged* the whole leash of birds—as fair a covey of game as ever Satirist marked and *brought down*. I observe too, Sir! that at the conclusion of the report to which I refer, you apologized for saying so much on the silly subject; but there is with this apology a *salvo*, which induces me to hope that a little more upon it, *being new*, will yet not be unacceptable either to you or your readers, and the more especially as there is something beyond mere absurdity and affectation in these men, at least in some of them, to whom the trite proverb of “more — than fool” may be most veritably applied. Allow me to add, that, if your intention be not only to punish vice but to lash folly, they will cross you in your expedition, and you may as well attempt to avoid the daylight as to avoid their worships. Folly and the “Lady-killing Lothario” are now so identified, that

it were as well to attempt to sever a Jack-pudding from his *Fools-cap*, as to separate the latter from the paper on which a lively censure of the ridiculous buffoons of the age is imprinted.

Believing that a work like the *Satirist*, if properly conducted, may be of infinite use to a nation, I rejoice to see that, pursuing legitimate objects, you lacerate with vengeful stripes exalted guilt and dangerous crime, and content yourself with giving "petty larceny vices" a few smart bastinados; and, what I consider to be still more praise-worthy, that you abstain from dragging private iniquity, however tempting the theme, before the public tribunal. If the subject of the present communication, therefore, were contented to abide in native obscurity; to enjoy the fortune which, luckily for him he had not to earn, in a manner becoming his station, or in fine to comport himself like the world, and behave as gentlemen of the rank to which he pretends behave, I will confess to you, that I would consider him not to be a fair butt for the shafts of ridicule—an object of a feeling bordering most nearly on contempt. But when the study of a man's life appears to be to attract the gaze of fools, to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and to call forth at once the notice and the pity of the sensible portion of his fellow creatures, surely such a person is a fit mark for satire—in fact he satirizes himself, and must rather be obliged than offended by the *flattering* attention you have paid to him. Even I will aid him in his views, and if notoriety be his wish, he shall have more of it through me than he could attain by his curricule after the fashion of a certain vase—his cocks, or *crowing tricks*—or even through his *inimitable* performances upon the stage.

The puffer of this tragedy-struck hero, whom you so ably exposed in the *Satirist* for October, has endeavoured

to excuse the consummate vanity and conceit of his principal in supposing he had any talents for the stage beyond what were calculated to excite derision, by imputing his mountebank exhibition at Richmond to CHARITY; and "we should be happy (exclaims this elegant and *feeling* writer) if every man of fortune could produce so noble an excuse for being occasionally eccentric." This advertisement, you well observed, savoured more of ostentation than of real benevolence; and the correspondence I now enclose to you will prove, that your conjecture was founded on a just appreciation of the mind of the "Lady-killing Lothario," and of the veracity of his obsequious newspaper panegyrist.

It appears that an application was made to the Lady-killer by a Lady of some interest to the literary world, the daughter of the friend and biographer of the English Lexiphanes, Dr. Samuel Johnson, to whom the said Lady-killer, as you will remark in the sequel, was under very considerable obligations, for *delicate* services, to enable him to woo another Lady of immense fortune, who was, however, too knowing either to be killed or caught by our Inamorato. Miss E. Boswell, whose misfortunes are before the public, having solicited from the gallant Lothario the loan of *Two Guineas* (I believe) till November, that Performer, whom, as above stated, she had so materially obliged; that very gentleman returned the following answer, in a good schoolboy-like scrawl—

"Dear Madam,

"I have several hundred Pounds to pay in a few days, and I must be candid enough to tell you, that my own honor must be consider'd *above all others*, and *haply* for me that I can liquidate my Bills on the Inst.

"Was I to listen to the numerous applications for

Money I shou'd not be worth a farthing. I have lent a great deal of Money to various Persons since I arriv'd in England; I have given all up as a loss, and have some time left off being a lender.

"Should any evil dispos'd Persons impose on you, or Insinuate this, that, or the other, about my Indulging Myself at the Theatre, or of *what* Society I may be in, they are welcome to indulge themselves in the favourite pursuit of Scandal.

"My name has been seen to Government Bills at the Treasury, Navy Office, Board of Admiralty, and Transport Board, Mr. Kentsh in Baker Street, at Lloyds Coffee House, at the Strand Bridge Office, Turners and Co. West-India Merchants, Messrs. Bayleys Stock-Brokers; and Messrs. Thomas Coutts and Co.s Books will prove my *respectability* much more than I could by talking of myself for a month.

"I understand that your Brother is a Man of Fortune: and as a Man, I cannot *but think that*, did he know of your situation, *but that* he wou'd act in that fraternal way *as* your situation requires.

"I am,

"Dear Madam,

"With respect, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT COATES."

Addressed to "Miss Boswell, 3, Tavistock Court, Covent Garden."

Such, Sir, is, *verbatim et literatim*, the elegant, classical, feeling, generous, grateful, and charitable return made by the Lady-killer to this *touching* application. What are we then to think of his *Pasquinaded* Charity? Perhaps your readers may have dipped into that illustrious and facetious author Joe Miller, where, if they

went to the right page, they would find that a certain Mendicant once meeting a Parson, begged alms of him and was refused. "For Heaven's sake, give me but one penny," said the beggar.—"I will not," said the priest.—"One halfpenny, to save me from starving," quoth the beggar.—"I must not," quoth the priest.—"Only one farthing, for the love of charity," cried the poor wretch.—Not a stiver would the churchman disburse.—"Then, in the name of God (exclaimed the importunate solicitor), afford me your blessing."—And the good Samaritan raised his hands over the beggar's head to pour down his benediction upon him; when, lo! the graceless ragamuffin rejected the holy unction, saying, "No, Master Parson! you may keep your prayers with your money, for if they had been worth one farthing you would not have bestowed them!"

Thus we may speak of the charity and charitable disposition of the Richmond Lothario—if his *acting had been worth one farthing* he would have kept it with his hundreds of pounds, that his honour might "*haply be consider'd above all others.*" Is it not a shame to hear such a fellow as this parading about his charity, or hiring newspaper puff-writers to blazon his munificence?—But what could be expected from a person who imagines that "*respectability*" consists in having his name known to *Bills* at the Treasury, or Coutts's, as well as to *Bills* at the Haymarket and the Richmond Theatres? Why, such a man never had feeling enough to be able to portray one generous or lofty passion on the stage.

That he was under some little obligation to the applicant, whom he so meanly and cold-bloodedly rejects, is evident from the following reply to his letter, which is written with some marks of that feminine irritation a refusal so *pointed* was likely to induce:

"I have received your letter.

"I do not repent of having applied to you as a supposed devotee to the stage, *au contraire*, as it would have been doing you injustice not to have put it in your power to aid one of its disciples. I shall have you to add to the list of nominal patrons; but should have been more gratified by having had it in my power to add you as a real one in the hour of need.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"EUPHEMIA B. BOSWELL."

"P. S. I shall thank you to send me the Copy of Lines I wrote for you to send to Miss Tilney Long!!!!!! I am urged to publish them.

"The want of liberality in my affluent Brother gives me a greater claim to the protection of strangers. You had a Brother also unkind, had you not?

"Is it true, you are to stand for Westminster?"

Here, Mr. Satirist, we have a new light thrown upon our hero. Not only an "Amateur of Fashion," but an adorer of Miss Tilney Long—a lover and a politician. Thou man with the long name, "Wellesley Tilney Long Pole, &c. &c. &c. look well to thy treasure—only reflect what a rival you have had, and how dangerous a Lothario he may yet prove to thy conjugal felicity! Burdett and Cochrane, bless your stars that your election is secure—consider what an opponent, in the city of Westminster, you might have experienced in this seducing, captivating youth!

I know not whether the lines intended for Miss Long were ever presented by the "Apollo" of the Morning Herald Critic; but rather believe they were not, as it is impossible to conceive that his elegant address, prepossessing countenance, lovely person, and winning ways,

could have been unsuccessful, if backed by the Muse, though only at second hand. And, moreover, who could have made a better guardian of this dame's noble fortune, than the prudential Lothario, who so wisely "*have some time left off being a lender?*" Then consider his "respectability," and his well-known reputation for *Billing*; and, above all, his erudition—as proved by the foregoing letter more than by talking of himself for a month. He must have been the man after all, had his merits been known, and Miss Long would have been husbanded in that advantageous "*way as her situation required.*"

But I have encroached rather largely on your limits, and I trust have said enough to unmask the false pretensions to humanity, charity, and theatrical patronage, set up for this Popinjay. I shall, therefore, take my leave of the subject, by recommending it to men of mean souls and very paltry qualifications, not unnecessarily to push themselves forward into notice as magnificent ornaments to society, and the *Mæcenas'* of the age. By so doing they only incur scorn, expose their unworthiness, and render themselves amenable to the Satirist, and its friend and admirer,

ANTI-HUMBUC.

THE INVASION OF CANADA.

Introduction to Canto the First.

To SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esquire.

To thee, my Sam, nor think me vain,
The Poet writes at Drury Lane:
But do not start, alarm'd, and guess
"*Here comes another prize Address.*"

With such I trow you are so tired,
 You almost wish the whole were fired:
 Such honours *Lords* may know to gain,
 "They *pass the wit of simple swain.*"
 It would have made my Whitbread smile,
 To see the wonderment and toil,
 Which, though it ne'er were his intent,
 Were caus'd by his advertisement.
 The public, ere the bard they knew
 Who won, cried, 'twill be *Lord knows who.*
 Chang'd is their note; the cry is now,
 The prize was gained *the Lord knows how.*
 Those who could the *wise Judgment* spy,
 Ere yet it met the public eye,
 Admir'd it, and must still admire on;
 For such their zeal, they said of Byron,
 Soon as 'twas known he'd written one,
 The *Lord* be prais'd, his *will be done !!*

October month is chill and drear,
 But still I love *October* cheer:
 And thou, my Sammy, can'st inspire
 Almost as much as *thine entire.*
 Fain would I tune my humble lay
 To thee, oh Sam! and Drury's play—
 To thee who, equal to the task,
 Can fill a playhouse like a cask:
 But other subjects claim my Muse;
 Yet one short line she can't refuse.

When I behold the *temple* rais'd
 In one short year—I stand amaz'd
 To see externally in Drury
 A building splendid as thy brew'ry,
 A pile, which seems (so *grand* and *plain*)
 The *Workhouse* of great Drury Lane;

Though *certes* no man ever your house
 Would hint *most distantly's* a *poor-house*.
 To see this sight fills with surprise,
 And makes me almost doubt my eyes :
 But when the lobby I explore,
 I would but ask for one thing more ;
 And that is this—thy phiz in stone,
 To make thy name for ever known.
 Close to that spot, where Shakspeare's form,
 For ever fix'd, for ever warm,
 As guardian of the fire below,
 Seems with its genial heat to glow,
 Where bending o'er the smoke and flare,
 As surely was thy wish and care ;
 He forces all who see, to say,
 That Drury boasts, as well she may,
 Not only great Apollo's lyre,
 But e'en immortal *Shakspeare's fire* ;
 And when the coals are burnt to dust,
 It may be said—indeed it must,
 For not to say it were unfair,
His ashes too are treasur'd there :
 Close to this spot thy figure dear,
 To those who plays, debates, and beer,
 Have learn'd to relish, thou should'st stand,
 A pot of porter in thy hand,
 As tend'ring, while thus rais'd on high,
 To Shakspeare, who must needs *be dry* ;
 And as the fire beneath, which glows,
 Was given by thee (as I suppose),
 " The man," I'd fain inscribe thy niche,
 " Who warm'd old Billy Shakspeare's breech."

And now, my Sam, we'll quit the play,
 To ramble to America;
 There wilt thou see, and see with pride,
 Thy fam'd predictions verified;
 How dim have been our ruler's eyes,
 And Madison how keen, how wise.
 Who after this will wish to pack
 Thee off, to write *Moore's Almanack*?
 But here, my Brewer and my Friend,
 My artless lines and scroll must end;
 Prepare then for a theme most dear—
 Of Yankey deeds in arms to hear.

THE INVASION OF CANADA.

CANTO THE FIRST.

"War!" thunder'd Madison, the sage,
 "War against England will we wage,
 And soon we'll make her mourn our rage,
 For, hang it, whose afraid?
 What though she sweep us from the seas!
 And burn our cities as she please!
 We still can ruin her with ease;
 We'll Canada invade!!!
 Come here, my gallant General Hull,
 I love thee for thy strength of skull,
 Which truth to say's so thick:
Soft as it is, and like *hog's-lard*,
 Who strove to break by hitting *hard*,
 Would surely stick his stick.
 Take then the centre army straight,
 And march to break each English pate
 That dare your force oppose;
 And tell them that, unless as friends
 They calmly let us gain our ends,
 We'll treat them just like foes."

II.

The hero Hull would lose no time,
But eager, Fame's steep hill to climb,
He answered, "Mister President,
I'm off directly, be content,
Nor entertain one fear;
For soon the army I command
Will conquer every inch of land;
I'll march be sure without a check,
From Fort Detroit to Quebec,
As quickly will appear;
And even that, my ardour warm,
Assailing soon, must take by storm;
Nay more, Sir, if to soothe your ire,
It is your pleasure, wish, desire,
I'll bring it to you here!!"

III.

His host has march'd, and now behold
The English in retreat,
Though nearly twenty strong we're told,
The foe they dar'd not meet.
The skill the Yankies all display,
And fiery ardour for the fray
Delights their General brave:
To reach the English is their prayer,
And all with raging fury swear
Their foes shall find a grave.
Nor vain their boast, for soon in fight,
Defeat the English rue;
One sent to everlasting night,
"Kill'd, wounded, missing, two."
The General now, not less humane
Than modest, calm, and wise,
Resolves, lest blood be shed in vain,
To ope the people's eyes:

And calling all around his tent,
War's dread effusions to prevent,
The thoughts which fill'd his lab'ring breast
The hero thus aloud express'd,
To make the rude Canadians know,
How wise, how generous their foe.

THE PROCLAMATION.

IV.

People of Canada, I come
With trumpets' sound, and beat of drum,
To fill you all with fears ;
To arms we fly from prosperous peace :—
That state of calm repose must cease,
We've known for thirty years.
England's aggressions have bereft
Of all our patience, and but left
The choice of manly opposition,
Or unconditional submission.

V.

The Yankey Doodles I command,
Advancing now invade your land ;
Waves o'er your soil, ordain'd by Fates,
The flag of the United States :
But though tremendous we appear,
Canadians, you may banish fear ;
Our prowess is to you no stranger :
Yet, if you peaceably will grant,
All you possess that we may want,
To you 'twill bring no danger.

VI.

Not to make enemies I come,
But enemies I came to find,
And though you think 'tis all a hum,
Yield, and you'll find me very kind.

I will not injure, but protect :
Pause ere my offers you reject ;
For horror, and confusion dire,
O'erwhelm ye, if ye wake my ire ;
As, arm'd with thunder like a god,
Carnage and death await my nod ;
'Tis mine to bid war's horrid flood
At pleasure inundate your fields with blood.

VII.

Divided by the Atlantic's waves,
And pathless wilds, from England's distant shore,
You all must feel yourselves but slaves,
Who long her tyranny in silence bore.
I do not ask you to avenge your wrongs—
That task to me, to me alone belongs ;
Nor will I on you press
England's injustice to restrain ;
For all of which we now complain
Myself will soon redress.
Be your own masters, rise, be free,
And join the heroes under me ;
I wot that dolt indeed is dull
Who won't seek fame with General Hull.

VIII.

Th' United States have pow'r to grant
All the security you want ;
This is no vain, no pompous boast—
Look at my formidable host,
And say, did England e'er produce
A band so dauntless, blithe, and spruce ?
I tender you your liberty,
Political and civil,
Religious too, which else you'll see
Sent packing to the devil.

Prosperity besides I bring,
Which from that liberty must spring.

IX.

Moreover, in my country's mighty name,
And in great Madison's—well known to fame,
I promise to protect you, and your rights.
Remain at home and cultivate your lands,
But 'gainst your brethren dare not raise your hands;
Or on you as our prey we pounce like kites :
Though let me tell you, human eye
Like *kites* will never *see us fly*.
'Tis on my soul *prophetic* stamp'd,
Of Heaven's own seal, I feel the heat ;
Our courage never will be damp'd,
To make us *home again retreat*.
Your fathers fought for what we boast,
Freedom and Independence ;
Hail here, as friends, our gen'rous host,
Who gratis give attendance.
You shall be freed from tyranny,
I promise it again—
We'll give you as much liberty,
As Buonaparte gave Spain.

X.

Canadians, could a fear but cross my mind,
I would not thus myself express ;
Had I one doubt of any kind,
Of full, of ultimate success,
I might assistance ask of you,
But that I do not seek ;
Let others such a course pursue,
Who feel that they are weak.

I come for every thing prepar'd,
In excellent condition;
A force which must, at nothing scar'd,
Look down all opposition.
Contingencies cannot arise
I'm unprepar'd to meet;
England as soon shall scale the skies,
As General Hull defeat,
And more, this force, which ev'ry heart must thrill,
Is but the vanguard of a greater still.

XI.

But, mark me; if, oh weak and rude,
Heedless and blind to your own good,
You dare my army to oppose,
And aid or countenance my foes;
If you to take up arms are known,
Audaciously to guard your own;
If you presume with us to fight,
And impiously defend your right;
Then, mark my words, where'er we meet,
Your troops as enemies we'll treat,
Judge from *our friendship*, what must be
Our conduct in hostility.
Calamities and horrors then
Of war, shall stalk before your ken,
If you the savages let loose—
That is, unless you soon reduce
The Indians, and drive all away,
Lest they should mingle in the fray
(Unless indeed they choose to start,
And take of General Hull the part);
If they our children seek to harm,
Or fill our women with alarm,
(Though *I'm no woman* as you see,
And so they ne'er can *frighten me*);

Then with their tribes to be a match,
 We'll cut the throats of all we catch;
 And as we soon shall catch you all,
 In turn of course you all must fall;
 And this, without more botheration,
 A war prove of *extermination*.

XII.

The first stroke of the tomahawk,
 The first slice of the scalping knife,
 Bids desolation forward walk,
 And Yankies spare no English life.
 All they may prisoners make, *ALL, ALL,*
 Or lean, or fat, or short or tall,
 Under this sentence lie :
 No white man by an Indian's side
 Shall quarter have, whate'er betide,
 But instant he shall die,

XIII.

I will not doubt your love of liberty,
 Your courage, and your *reverence for me*;
 (For of myself I *modesty* may say,
 You see not *such a hero* ev'ry day.)
 Join me as volunteers, you shall be kept,
 Your services I'll readily accept.
 I see you stare, doubtless surpris'd to find
 That I to grant *such honours* am inclin'd;
 Freedom, security, and peace, I now
 Offer, if humbly to my will you bow.
 Security, reflect—for, to be sure,
 'Tis no small matter here to be *secure*.
Destruction, slavery, and war expect,
 If such advantages you dare reject :
 For, having *killed you all*, to cause new tears,
 We'll send the rest to slav'ry in Algiers.

You've heard my terms, accept them or refuse,
Choose them directly, choose, but wisely choose;
And, oh! may He who sees our cause is just,
In whom, invading you, we put our trust,
Who from on high his aid will surely lend,
To punish you, who yet did ne'er offend,
May He, who holds the fate of nations, guide
Your judgment wisely, fairly to decide;
To take that step which must your joys increase,
And give you happiness, repose, and peace.
My heart yearns for you, with affection full
May He incline *your hearts to General Hull."*

(CANTO II. dedicated to General TARLETON, in our next.)



THE UNA-MONA-LOG-BUSBYS.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?

NEVER did any individual exert himself more zealously for a niche in the Satirist than *Doctor Busby* (not the reverend, nor the legal, nor the physical, but the *musical Doctor Busby*); and his aspiring son *George Frederick Busby, Esquire*, has proved himself

The worthy offspring of a worthy Sire.

One can hardly speak of these poetical geniuses without hitching into rhyme. Every newspaper has teemed with the theatrical exploits of these heroes. They have courted notoriety, and have obtained it. Perhaps it would have been well if the learned Translator and spirited

Reciter of Lucretius had troubled themselves to remember that there are two species of fame, the one honourable and valuable, the other meretricious and despicable: that it is one thing to fill the trump of Eulogy, and another to replenish the mouth of Scorn. Heretofore we have observed the newspaper puffs of the *musical Doctor Busby* with silent contempt; quackery, medical, clerical, and literary, has become too common to call for animadversion from our pen till it bounds over the usual limits of toleration, and beards us with all the impudence of success, unrestrained by the modesty of merit.

It seems, however, that these Busbys have *puffed* themselves till, like the frog in the fable, they fancied they were as large as the ox. If they failed to impose on the public by their newspaper praises, to the honour of their ingenuity be it spoken, they at least succeeded in imposing on themselves: great from their own panegyrics, and *warm* from *Lucretius*, imagining themselves the first poets of the age, while the other baffled candidates for the Drury Lane Laurel bit their nails in private, and breathed forth curses, not loud but deep, against the tasteless Committee, these wonderful bards, in all the intemperate indignation of slighted superiority, resolved to bring their case before a public tribunal; and, if they had failed to afford general entertainment in one way, at least to produce it in another. The *musical Doctor*, with, as *Hudibras* says,

— — — a train

Of atoms jostling in his brain,

and his now no less eminent son, have consequently, so far as in them lay, absolved the poet-judging Committee from the charge of partiality, and proved that it was possible for Addresses to be written inferior even to that of Lord Byron!!!

On Wednesday, the 14th October, George Frederick Busby, *Esquire*, made his first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, for the purpose of delivering to the audience the rejected Address of his *musical* father, and of appealing to them for a verdict in its favour. But the company not being prepared for this novel performance, much discord and jarring ensued, and the young gentleman, after a very foolish exhibition of himself, was handed from the stage by a brace of Bow Street Runners. On the following night, however, the resolute Doctor, and his fiery son,

Cui genus à proavis ingens clarumque paternæ
Nomen erat virtutis, et ipse accerrimus armis,

having previously notified their intention by a circular letter, again attended at the Theatre, and insisted on a new and perfect trial; but with bad success, for the coffee and muffins of Queen Ann Street were still wanting to soften the rugged hearts of the auditory. In the boxes the Senior appears,

———Venit Apollo.

Galle, quid insanis? inquit.

Apollo comes, and the *Gallery* exclaims, "How mad he is!" the Pit boasts the presence of the son; and from these stations they alternately harangue the house till, after great uproar and confusion, the Junior, at the earnest entreaty of the Doctor, is once more hoisted upon the stage, and permitted to spout his renowned Papa's Mona-logue. A more ludicrous scene was never presented than that which now ensued: shouts of "Off" and "On," bursts of laughter, and noises of every description, shook the new Temple, while the enraged bard was endeavouring to make himself heard, and enforcing his appeal by gestures and action the most extravagant

that can be imagined. His anxious progenitor was displaying similar convulsions aloft; and the pair presented a picture of frantic folly, such as was never before witnessed in a place of public exhibition. The Doctor had an engagement with the police, who laid their iron fangs upon him; but he made a glorious *sit* against them on the stairs, was rescued, and led back to his seat singing *io triumphe*. On the the stage below,

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glancing from tier to tier, from Pit to Gall'ry,

poor George Frederick in vain attempted to make his thin small voice audible. A few lines were all that could be heard, and these were so absurd, that every couplet was drowned in shouts of mirth and ridicule. At length, tired and disgusted by this protracted exposure of one of the most lamentable failings in human nature, the audience were *for once* rejoiced to see the stage manager, Mr. Raymond, advance, and lead the exhausted stripling from behind the half dozen lamps, where he had paraded for half an hour, and with great filial ardour devoted himself to be made (*melancholy example!*) a common public laughing-stock.

We hasten to conclude this article, which in setting out we intended to treat ludicrously; but the picture of extreme frailty and vanity the subject embraces has warped us from our purpose, and so wrought upon our mind, that we could not help sliding into a tone more grave and severe than the apparent insignificance of the *objects* may warrant. We now bid the Doctor and his accomplished son farewell, with the expression of a hope, that they may have received a lesson which will teach them hereafter to be more cautious in obtruding their weakness and folly upon the general attention.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE servants of the Crown having, in their discretion, advised the Prince Regent to dissolve the late, and convene a new Parliament, H. R. H. has exercised his royal prerogative to that effect (a prerogative never till now disputed and condemned), and caused another House of Commons to be called together, to advise and aid him in the discharge of those duties incumbent on him to perform in the present momentous crisis of affairs.

For this act, the executive authority has been arraigned by the advocates for shortening the duration of Parliaments, and with a singular felicity of inconsistency these persons have most loudly reprobated that decision which has prevented the last Parliament from continuing its session for the longest possible term of seven years. In these railings the most vituperative have been the Democrats and the partisans of Marquis Wellesley; but the Whig party have also joined in the hue and cry, and, as usual, noisily enough expressed their share of the disapprobation. Patriotism has of course been the stalking-horse of them all; but their real causes for dissatisfaction we need scarcely say have no relation to patriotism, but proceed from private interest and party disappointments.

The Democrats, who at another time would have been gratified by a matter which afforded a favourable opportunity for the promulgation of their disloyal sentiments, and a decent risk of creating a little confusion and disturbance in the country, could not help feeling that at this moment they had sunk into insignificance, and were sinking still more into that utter contempt and

abhorrence, which left them but small chance of succeeding, either in poisoning the ear, or agitating the bosom, of the nation. That they formed a proper estimate of their capabilities, the result of the Elections has clearly and happily demonstrated.

The partisans of Marquis Wellesley (we speak with reference to the tenets advanced by the apparently authorized agent of that nobleman, who enlivens the dull columns of the *Times Newspaper* with wondrous long *tirades* against ministers, under the signature of *Vetus*, a Latin word, which, being translated, means "*stale, musty, out of date, worn out*"—*vide* *YOUNG'S DICTIONARY*)—the Wellesley partisans are equally indignant at this dissolution of Parliament, because it has taken place at a time when there exists none of the heavy calamities which they have anticipated since the retreat of their patron, to overwhelm his imbecile successors in office, and restore him to power. Had ministers but waited another year, says *Vetus*, in his 12th Epistle, the aspect of affairs would have been so horrible in Spain, in Russia, in Sweden, in Sicily, in America, and Lord knows where! that in their appeal to the sense of the people they must have been ousted, kicked out, and disgraced—nay, he asserts they might have had the good luck to be brought to the block, and had their heads chopped off. Now, with all due respect and deference for this great and furious writer, we humbly conceive, that taking his own *data* as perfect, which we by no means do, ministers would really deserve all the opprobrious names he lavishes upon them, had they, merely to serve and amuse their political opponents, postponed the call of a New Parliament to precisely that period when it would be most ruinous to themselves. But ministers stand upon higher grounds, and, notwithstanding the im-

precations of *Vetus*, and the overweening vanity and ambition of the noble Lord whose cause he espouses, we have no doubt but, as they have already risen in public opinion, they will so conduct themselves and the business of the country, as to be even more highly estimated at any future time, when circumstances may render it advisable again to devolve on the people their most important right—the exercise of their elective franchise.

The third party, to whom we have alluded, the Whigs, have in like manner betrayed their angry feelings on this occasion; and their querulous censure has proceeded, not only from the nature of their temperament, which always induces opposition to the Government, but from a grief peculiarly their own—a self-conviction that they stood so deservedly low with the vast majority of the community, that their numerical force must be materially weakened, as it has been on the new Election.

Thus, because the time, although in every respect suitable and convenient to the country, did not coincide with their views, and fit their projects, these three parties have united in raising their patriotic voices against the dreadful crime of ministers, in taking the sense of the people upon their competency to fill the high station to which they had just been appointed. A proud and gratifying appeal it has been to them—a source of chagrin and confusion to *all* their adversaries! But this will appear more circumstantially as we proceed, according to our intention, to take a detailed notice of a few of the most prominent popular Elections, by which the sense of the country has been expressed; and we shall, therefore, here draw these general remarks to a conclusion.

THE LONDON ELECTION claims precedence, and we willingly devote our earliest observations to that subject.

Seven Candidates started for the metropolis; Sir Charles Price, one of its representatives, having retired. Of these, Alderman Combe, Sir William Curtis, and Sir James Shaw, were the old Members: and the new aspirants were the Lord Mayor (who, however, declined the poll); Alderman Atkins, a man of sense and character, well known in the city for his ardent attachment to the politics of the Pitt school; and, *proh pudor!* the wise democratic Alderman Wood, and the notorious Robert Waithman.

As was to be expected, when a regular *census*, and not the clamour of a mob, determined the question, these two, calling themselves, and being called by their adherents, "*popular Candidates*," were left behind, by a triumphant majority upon the poll. First—of the first, according to the Aristotelian rule, we shall speak of the sapient Brewer's Druggist, the vender of quassia and nightshade for the manufacture of porter, *a trade*—or rather (to use memorable words) a practice at which our ancestors would have started with indignation. This person, whose modesty is equal to his talents, having, like all the other popular gentry, figured away in electioneering at the *expense of such fools* as could be *gulled into subscriptions*, has filled the public newspapers, out of their pockets, with his fulsome Addresses and Advertisements, in which it is difficult to say whether his vanity, stupidity, or want of sense, is most consummately apparent. In one of these personal puffs, he unblushingly tells the City Electors, that by returning him (amazing Matthew Wood!!) to Parliament, they "will not merely effectuate a tardy and hard-won triumph, but will insure an immediate and decisive victory to the great cause of Peace, Reform, and Religious Liberty." *Risum teneatis!* Oh wonderful block of Wood!

Again this man of understanding and modest unassuming worth says, "If you prefer *purity* to venality, *peace* to war, *reform* to abuse, *religious liberty* to unchristianlike persecution, and the *restoration of prosperity* to inevitable ruin, you may yet by your individual suffrages, and by a consentaneous and *noble* effort, prevent calamities so dreadful, obtain advantages so important, and realise the hopes which the recollection of your past labours and ardent patriotism cannot but excite," by choosing for your representative the mighty, the potent Mr. Alderman Wood!—On other occasions this *promising Politician* says, "I do not consider myself an *ordinary Candidate* upon an *ordinary occasion*." Extraordinary Matthew Wood! "I must remind you that you have important and sacred duties to discharge to yourselves, to your children, to your country, and to the world; the whole empire observes your conduct with anxiety, intermingled with hope"—that you will return the admirable Matthew Wood!

"Your example has frequently animated the drooping advocates of freedom and peace: do not now doom them to despair"—by not sending to Parliament my block-head of Wood!

"Let every unpolled Elector hasten to maintain his independence, and to exercise his rights: and avert impending evils and degradation, by efforts proportionate to the emergence"—and do, for Heaven's sake, and for the salvation of your country, elect the now despairing *Wood Machine* at your service, or, *fatal conclusion!* "by your enemies, who know and create obstacles, it will be represented as an indication that the *present system is approved by you*—that the enlightened inhabitants of the metropolis disdain peace, liberty, and reform—and that *long your labours and past remonstrances have pro-*

ceeded only from a minority, ignorant, disaffected, or perverse." Truth for once out of the veritable mouth of the sagacious, foiled, and rejected piece of *Wood*!—"Your united suffrages may yet ensure the *triumph of myself*, and of the other Candidates, whose principles you approve. I therefore confidently expect that your votes will be no longer withheld; but that, with the enthusiasm of former times, you will hasten to employ the powers which you constitutionally possess, to contribute to the salvation of your native land."—Heavenly Mr. Wood! But we shall dismiss this self-opinionated great man with an extract from his farewell Address, which, however incredible it may seem, is, as well as the foregoing quotations, taken *literally* from his own publications.

"I would attempt to offer adequate acknowledgments to all the independent men, who, from principle alone, have afforded me their aid, but that they do not require such return—they are above my praise—they are *exalted by virtue even in this degenerate age*. The approbation of their consciences will be their reward. They have afforded an example which even their antagonists respect, and which *posterity may imitate, and must applaud*. If the example on their future efforts should be attended with future success, *they will become the Hampdens of other times*; and if they and myself should be destined to weep over the ruins of our country, we shall derive some consolation from the knowledge, that we have not accelerated her downfall, but have endeavoured to preserve and to restore the institutions of our fathers, and the glory of our native land."

Oh, burst our *sides*, for we can hold no longer.

We now come to the no less celebrated patriot Bobby Waithman, the candidate for representing the shops, and a gentleman (Heaven pardon us for the expression) possess-

ing as much cunning as any in London, and certainly as eligible from *art* as from *property*. The "No Shopkeeper," like the "No Popery," cry, first *invented* by themselves, and then retorted as the creation of their opponents, was a good party *ruse*, worthy of the ingenuity of this *Gentleman* and his supporters. Hoping the silly pretext would impose on some of the least informed of our *Shopkeepers*, whose ignorance might be caught by the empty sound, he advised his friends in their canvass to solicit votes "for Robert Waithman, a Shopkeeper"—as if his high mightiness condescended to take a lowly title, when, let the truth be spoken, his styling himself a Shopkeeper was the most *honest* and elevated title *he* could produce to a single suffrage. Not that the being a Shopkeeper is any superior recommendation to a Member of Parliament, as we cannot easily combine the general knowledge of a Senator with the particular information of a Retail Haberdasher, but because we do know Robert Waithman's only undisputed claim to *any* consideration is his keeping a shop. Surely, if that would not recommend him, neither his public nor his private character would do him that service!—A real member of the tribe of modern *Reformers*, who, destitute of private virtue, degraded below nature's common journeymen by some stamp of ignominy upon their names, set up for public purity, and endeavour to "gild all" by their pretensions to patriotism. Had Robert Waithman, the Shopkeeper, and, we give him this title not as a disgrace, but as his *highest honour*, had he been returned to serve in Parliament, how strange it must have sounded to hear perhaps the son of the Duke of Bedford agreeing with his *honourable* Friend from the city who spoke last, on the affairs of India, with which, from his long dealings in the manufactures of that country, he

must be supposed to be *politically* acquainted; or, stranger still! to hear a descendant of the Lord KENYON, who directed a jury to discredit the OATH of this very man, because it was overborne by the fairest and most perfect testimony of several witnesses, notice that the assertions of the honourable Member for the city were entitled to be received as conclusive on the subject matter in debate!!! Nay, it might be possible, that this patriot of "twenty years standing" might be reminded by some honourable friend of his application in 1806 to be appointed to the patriotic situation of *Receiver General of Taxes* for the city of London!!! Happily for him, and for the honour of the city, he has been spared these and greater mortifications, through the loyalty and good sense of the Metropolitan Electors. Of the advertisements of this *Gentleman* we shall say nothing more than that they breathe the same egotism with those of his worthy colleague Wood, and afford a further proof of the importance which a man may foolishly attach to himself—thus the great Robert Waithman, merely because his own august person was engaged in it, styles the late election "*the most important contest ever known in this city.*"—Ha! ha! ha!

THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION offers us no new ground for remark. The Burdett faction endeavoured to throw off Lord COCHRANE, as they threw off and murdered PAULL; but his Lordship having a number of friends among the Electors, these dirty intriguers basely compromised their designs, and lustily bawled out, "Burdett and Cochrane for ever!"—The despicable Baronet uttered one of his common rhapsodies, cried *nolo Episcopari*, and was elected by the acclamation of the mob on the day of nomination, no man of character deeming it worth his while to contest the *honour* of representing the city of

Westminster. In the advertisements on this occasion, the only paragraph deserving of notice was the following: "The expenses are defrayed by subscriptions, which are received by the treasurer, 110, Strand; G. and C. Puller, 139, Long Acre; J. Grant, 26, St. Martin's-le-grand; E. Langley, Esq. 18, Edgeware-road; at the Bar of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand; and at the Committee-room, 38, King Street, Covent Garden." In which short sentence we see the source, essence, and origin of a great *deal of Westminster patriotism*. Subscription for ever!—*Viva!!*

In the borough of SOUTHWARK, Sir Thomas Turton took his leave with all the whining pomposity natural to a man of weak intellect, who, on his emptiness being discovered, is deserted by his former advocates.

In his lamentations he says, "I have sacrificed my whole time, my health, and my comforts, to promote the interests of my country, even at the expense of my own." (Poor man! he had better have attended to his own.) "I perhaps estimate my services too highly, but I must withdraw them." Oh dreadful loss! Southwark may never recover it, and the more especially as Jones Burdett, the brother of Sir Francis, *par nobile fratrum*, who stood for the vacancy, could only poll a paltry number of the lowest votes, and thus missed the object of his Jesuitical ambition, a seat, instead of Wardle, beside his worthy brother in Parliament.

Of SURREY we shall briefly state, that the gallant Turton being enabled to poll about a thousand votes *free of expense* (a *sine qua non* with him as well as with other patriots), stood for the county and lost it. This hero, whose disappointment in being sent officially to India converted him in a moment from a ministerialist into an oppositionist, is, therefore, likely to be con-

signed to that privacy for which his talents are so well calculated. If the beadle, or churchwarden, or constable, of his parish chance to die, and he is desirous of again figuring in public life, we will do all in our power to recommend him to the vacancy, unless, as is most probable, some more able and deserving candidate start for the place!!

There being no opposition for the borough of *Bedford*, Mr. Whitbread has only found an opportunity of issuing one of his accustomed long advertisements, for *the use of London readers*. On this curious document we have not room for comment. It consists of a most unconnected string of personal opinions, confused, ungrammatical, and absurd. But we readily excuse the errors of this production, on reflecting that the author was at the time deeply engaged on other theatrical compositions of equal importance and national consideration.

In *Essex*, *Burgoyne* has stood, and lamentably failed on the *popular* interest and *beggarly patriotic subscriptions!*

In *Berkshire*, one *William Hallett*, well known to the readers of the *Satirist*, has stood upon the same grounds, has professed patriotism at the same *cheap rate*, and, alas! has been played by the Electors a similar *dog's trick!*

In *Hampshire*—*William Cobbett* has had the audacious effrontery to offer himself for the choice of the Freeholders. The time has been, that when the character was lost the man would hide, and there an end—but now they rise again, with twenty mortal gashes on their names, to push us from our stools. Who would have believed it, that this sunk, debased, wretched poltroon durst have shown his face in public; far less, that he durst have presumed to solicit a vote as a Candidate

for a seat in Parliament? But there is a degree of infamy beyond shame. Mr. Cobbett was proposed by Mr. Jones (Gaol Jones, from the *House of Correction*, we suppose), and his nomination seconded by Mr. Peter Finnerty, a freeholder made for the occasion, and late from the *King's Bench and Lincoln Prisons*!!! The show of hands (he said) was in his favour, but he declined the poll!!

His Register of the following day, for which he charges One Shilling, contained the matter given in the note below, and *not one other word of original composition*, the whole No. being otherwise filled up with French and Russian Bulletins, which had previously appeared in every newspaper in town and country. We subjoin this *Twelvepenny imposition gratis* *!

Gwillim Lloyd Wardle, a worthy compeer of the last-named illustrious individual, has declined *Okehampton*, and for this very substantial reason, that his character too

* " *To the Freeholders of the County of Southampton.*

GENTLEMEN,

OUR triumph yesterday was as complete as ever I could have wished: for, though the Sheriff did, at last, decide the *disputed* point as to the *show of hands* against me, there was, I believe, not a single individual present, who was not convinced that a majority of the numerous assemblage were in my favour; or, rather, in favour of the honour and freedom of the country.—In the course of my address to you, and which you received in a manner which convinced me that success must finally attend our exertions, I made many *assertions*, which assertions, I will, in my next Number, prove to be *strictly true*. I am now absent from my books and papers; but, in my next, I will not only go fully into all the matters here alluded to; but will also lay before you a plan for effecting an emancipation from the trammels which now disgrace the Freeholders of this county. In the mean while, Gentlemen, I am

Your faithful friend,

WILLIAM COBBETT."

Winchester, October 14th, 1812.

is so completely known, that there is not an honest man, of common sense and common spirit in the country, who would not spit in his face if he insulted him by soliciting his vote. In his advertisement he confesses, that he "brought forward the charge against the Duke of York, as a specimen of corruption." The specimen has satisfied the country; the painful illusion of the moment has been dispelled; and the trebly base and villanous author and abettors of this detestable conspiracy are rewarded with the general scorn and indignation their nefarious deeds so justly merit.

The last of this gang of pitiful wretches to whom we shall allude is *Henry Hunt*, one of the candidates for Bristol, and, we grieve to add, an Election co-adjutor of Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, a man we wish to esteem, but whose private virtues are most unhappily tainted by a strong adherence to party, and a warm predilection for certain opinions, which may be conscientious, but, it cannot be denied, are also most extravagant and dangerous. This *Hunt*, whose vulgarity and ruffianism we exposed in our last publication, has again met the reception he deserved at Bristol, having polled an insignificant number of votes. His advertisement runs in the form of an Oath—"I, Henry Hunt, do swear," &c. "So help me God"—as if the infatuated reptile was aware that his word would not be taken, and that the custom of St. Giles's requires the binding of a solemn asseveration in the name of the Almighty from those of the class of its population. For our parts, we consider his bare word to be as satisfactory and good as his oath!

The last particular Election to which we shall allude, is one of peculiar interest—Liverpool. The candidates, Mr. Canning, the favoured *eleve* of Pitt; Gen. Gascoyne, a ministerial member; Mr. Brougham, the present idol

of the opposition and democrat parties; Mr. Creevey, of the same kidney; and the gallant oppositionist, Gen. Tarleton. The two first were returned by majorities of 500 and 401 votes over the highest of the other candidates; and poor Tarleton learnt, from a poll of *six* votes out of 2,500; into what contempt his garrulous detractions from the merits of a Wellington had brought him. So may all the calumniators and opposers of that hero be humbled! We trust Mr. Canning will never desert, and we rejoice to see that he pledges himself never to desert, those principles which have raised him to his present proud distinction; but that he will, by the exertion of his pre-eminent abilities, confound the foremost of that faction in the Senate whom he has been *called* so successfully to thwart in their ambitious appeal to the people. We trust he will never forget that his constituents elected him as one of the men thus described by the Whipster Brougham, in one of his speeches at Clayton Square. "His opponents were the men who had supported the late Mr. Pitt in his measures which had brought the country to the dreadful state it was in. Some had called him the immortal Statesman now no more. All that he considered him immortal for was ruinous wars, bad policy, vicious measures, tyranny, and his apostacy from the cause of reform. His opponents and the remnant of his party could not do so much harm as Mr. Pitt did, as they had not the talents which he possessed. He stood there as the enemy of those measures, and all that he wished his memory to be immortalized for was to have wrote on a stone—*The enemy of Mr. Pitt's measures.*" Poor creature! we know not whether our pity or scorn most predominates, at hearing such "a puffed man" venture to deliver *his* opinion of a genius so transcendently above his miserable conception—"Ossa to a wart."

We shall now briefly bring this essay to a termination. On the 29th of September we rejoiced to have it stated, from that oracle of truth and patriotism the Morning Chronicle, that "*there is a spread of intelligence that has produced the happiest effects—a sense of moral order, a spirit of rational inquiry, a deep impression of Christian benevolence; and with it an earnest desire of giving security to our civil, and extension to our religious liberties. A people with these sentiments deeply engraven on their hearts, can neither be made the victims of corruption in support of unbridled power on the one hand, nor the dupes of licentious brawlers for anarchy on the other. The pure cause of genuine representation has acquired more strength within the last three years than it did in the three preceding Parliaments.*" For once we agree with this writer in his principles, and now ask our country to look at the result. The people thus fit for the choice of their representatives have rejected the whole gang of canting patriotic impostors. Cobbett, Waithman, Wood, Hunt, Hallet, Wardle, J. Burdett, Turton, Burgoyne, whether they stood for borough, city, or county, have been disgraced and defeated. Thanks to the "spread of information"—thanks to the "sense of moral order"—thanks to the "spirit of rational inquiry"—thanks to the "deep impression of Christian benevolence"—thanks to the "earnest desire of giving security to our civil, and extension to our religious liberties"—thanks to those "sentiments deeply engraven on the hearts of the people," which precluded their being made victims to support the "unbridled power" of an ambitious Whig Aristocracy, or "the dupes of licentious brawlers for anarchy"—thanks, above all, to the "*strength*" acquired by the "pure cause of genuine representation," which has prevented the return to Parliament of men who would indeed, by their com-

munity, transform the Senate into that black, base, corrupt, depraved, and hateful thing they now only desire to have it believed to be.

Thanks also to the same causes which, in the most populous places of the empire, have most intelligibly pronounced to our modern Whigs the sense which the people entertain of their politics, conduct, and talents. At Liverpool, the brawling popularity of Brougham; at Bristol, the private virtues and abilities of Romilly; at Leicester, the literary fame of Roscoe; and, in fine, at not fewer than forty different contested Elections, the PARTY have met the same reception, and have either been unsuccessful if new candidates, or thrown out if formerly members.

It is thus the people have passed judgment between ministers and their opponents. We leave the ousted squad of the latter to the enjoyment of their *otium cum dignitate*. Those who have got in, we advise to change their *antibritish tone* of politics; or there may come another election, when they will be sent into the oblivion of their brethren!

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE THEATRES.

ON the close of the English Opera season at the Lyceum, Mr. Raymond came forward with the following Address, which he had the temerity to speak, and which, among the many various kinds of Addresses that have of late abounded, seems deserving of an especial notice in the SATIRIST.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, according to annual custom I have the honour to present myself before you on this the last night of our season.

"It must be obvious to your notice, that the Proprietors have relaxed nothing of their exertions for your amusement, and that they have more than kept pace with their promise to present you with a round of *novelties* equal at least to the exertion of any other theatre whatever. They have, during their past short season, courted your approbation with a constant succession of varieties, which, if they have not always been so fortunate as to please you, have possessed, at least, this merit, that they were the best they could procure. The outcry against modern authors, Ladies and Gentlemen (which, if it be just, may fairly be retorted on modern critics), has become so popular, that the Proprietors have deemed it expedient to resort, in some degree, to those whose works have been stamped as sterling by your approbation. They have, therefore, selected Dramas, which, for various causes, have of late been lost to the stage; though unquestionably possessing intrinsic merit, from their having formerly been favourites with the public. These have been carefully revised and *altered* (aye, there's the rub), and, it is hoped, they have been so accommodated to their musical interpolations, that, as dramatic productions, they have suffered no injury. Much condemnation, however, with which the public did never appear to concur, has been uttered against the transformation of Mr. Cumberland's Comedy of *The Brothers*, into the third act Opera of *The Privateer*. But the author of this alteration has *flattered himself* that some chaste and elegant writing, and some strong delineation of character which had been forgotten, has, by this expedient, been rescued from utter oblivion, and that he has rather served the cause of Dramatic Literature, than injured it, by the revival of the Drama in question in an altered shape.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am desired to state to you, that the Proprietors, ever ready to bow to public opinion, are still confident in their reliance on public candour and on public

support. They are attentive to criticism, but unmoved by scurrility—your taste is their study, and so long as you continue to honour them by your patronage, and to guide them by your approbation, so long will they refuse attention to all that private animosity and personal mortification can dictate to their prejudice.

“The Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, are determined to persevere, at any risk or expense, in the sincerest endeavour to deserve your applause. An experience of four seasons has convinced them that an English Opera is congenial to the taste of the English nation; and they are persuaded that this establishment, though yet in its infancy, under your fostering care, may become, in due time, a national ornament, and a national benefit. With this hope before them, and with heartfelt thanks for the indulgence their efforts have received, they desire me to conclude; and with no less sincerity on the part of the performers and myself, I beg leave to bid you respectfully farewell.”

This joint production of Messieurs Raymond and Arnold, independent of barbarous grammar, affords a fair specimen of what the public has to expect from them in their more enlarged sphere of management at Drury Lane. They boast of the “round of novelties” they have produced, meaning thereby three or four old plays, farces, and pantomimes, moulded into the *new* shape of Operas!!! To exculpate themselves from the guilt of this paltry subterfuge, and to excuse themselves to the public for adopting this senseless and barren art of transmutation to be vamped up for originality, they accuse the critics of the day of “scurrility, private animosity, and personal mortification;” by which base principles they assert, these critics are induced to censure productions which are “honoured by the patronage” and approbation of the public. The soreness with which this charge is made proves at once its falsehood and in-

consistency. Were it true that the public had approved of these things, the arrows of criticism would have fallen short and innocuous; but those who exposed and reprobated such practices only pointed the general voice, as the beggarly treasury and unsuccessful season at the Lyceum proves incontrovertibly, to the internal mortification of Messrs. Raymond and Arnold. The latter, with all the modesty inherent in great genius, has the honour to state, that HE, in mangling *Cumberland*, had "rescued the chaste and elegant writing, and the strong delineations of character," of that classical and admired author, "*from utter oblivion!*" *Arnold rescue Cumberland from oblivion!* "This is too, too much!"—The critics not being of opinion with Mr. Arnold, that *he* had "served the cause of Dramatic Literature," are therefore assaulted with the opprobrious epithets we have before noticed. But another cause, besides the irritation of an unsuccessful author (or rather *mutilator*), contributed to swell this chagrined vanity to the pitch of fury which dictated this impudent Address. Two of a trade, it is hinted, can never agree; and the public ought to know that our managers of the Lyceum (now of Drury Lane), and their performers, dissatisfied with the critical remarks of others, have determined to be more fair and impartial, and to criticise themselves! They rightly deemed that a publication of their own might be more favourable to them than the SATIRIST, or any independent Journal unconnected with the theatres; and therefore started themselves as rival critics, and kindly condescended to offer observations on their own management and performances, in a monthly work called the *Theatrical Inquisitor*. A tolerable actor, but who was originally a better printer, has the conducting of this business; and, on the day when this essay shall first meet the public eye, a No. of

the said Inquisitor will issue from the OXBERRY Press, ornamented with the lovely phiz of that elegant youth as a frontispiece!! His portrait will appear, not in the character of a printer's devil, but devilishly well *thrown off* as *Signior Leo Luminati*—the illuminator of the town, in the matter of Theatrical Criticism! It is far from our wish to detract from a contemporary work; and we take this opportunity of recommending the above as likely to contain much Green-room information; no cruel observations to hurt the feelings of damned authors, and be-hissed actors; no severe strictures on Mr. Raymond's management, or Mr. Arnold's hashed-up Operas; no harsh animadversions on Mr. Oxberry (the printer's) typographical or dramatical errors—but all will be candid, uninfluenced, pure, and impartial!!!

Closely connected with this subject is the recent manœuvres of the Committee of Drury Lane Management. It has been customary for the theatres to give, and the various newspapers of the metropolis to receive, a ticket of admission, in order that, through these channels of information, the public might be made acquainted with plays and players. But, having now a press of their own more agreeable to them than the public prints, these new managerial, theatrical, literary, performers and reviewers, not contented with bringing themselves before their own tribunal, were desirous of bringing every diurnal and hebdomedal critic *in propria persona* under the same jurisdiction. They therefore addressed circular letters to the Editors of the different newspapers, to inform them that the *names* of the gentlemen who conducted the department for dramatic observations in their respective Journals might be transmitted to the Committee for insertion in the free list. Free enough it would soon have been, and these *names* handed in to the OXBERRY press,

whenever the persons to whom they appertained, by the justness of their strictures, offended any of these men of many professions, and multifarious pursuits, and variety of occupations, would not, perhaps, have experienced the same indulgence which is so liberally extended to bad plays, and indifferent actors. We believe this insidious proposition has been indignantly rejected by the newspaper Editors, and, in revenge (it is said), Messrs. Whitbread, Arnold, Raymond, and Co. intend to start an *Evening Daily Paper*, to be celebrated for the fairness, fullness, and impartiality of its Dramatic Critiques!!!!!! The cast of the parts is to be as follows:

The Impartial Political Department—Mr. Whitbread.

The Ditto Theatrical Writing Do.—Mr. Arnold.

The Ditto Ditto Acting Do.—Mr. Raymond.

The Ditto Ditto Poetical Do.—Lord Byron.

Corrector of the Press—Mr. Dibdin.

Printers—Oxberry, Lowndes, and Co.

Devils, Compositors, Pressmen, &c.—by the rest of the Company.

This work, it is anticipated, must give universal satisfaction, as *no fault is to be found* except in the political department; and we have hopes it may exist at least as long as its progenitor, set up by Mr. John Kemble, on the same principles—for he too thought it hard that players should not have word for word with the critics. *The Cabinet Daily Evening Newspaper*, under his auspices, published about sixteen or seventeen years ago, at Charing Cross, *lasted about seven weeks, and lost about Seven Hundred Pounds!!!!!!*

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

LORD BYRON AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

THE following anecdote is in circulation, and came to our knowledge through a channel that leaves us very little reason to doubt its accuracy and authenticity. In the review of Lord Byron's earlier productions, the Edinburgh Critics were very severe in their animadversions, and it somehow or other reached the noble Author's ears that this *cutting up* was not produced in the regular way of trade, but that he was indebted for it to a *quondam* college friend, with whom he had quarrelled at school, and who took this method of revenging himself. Aware of this circumstance, it is said, that, previous to the publication of *CHILDE HAROLD*, his Lordship addressed a letter to *Mr. Jefferies*, intimating to him his knowledge of the fact, and *gently hinting* that he considered the surrender of the pages of a literary Journal, to gratify private pique and personal malignity, to be both partial and unfair. He disclaimed having cherished an "equal hate" against his adversary since the days of their youthful contention, and concluded by stating to this

spirited Editor, that he would hold him personally responsible for any remarks on the forthcoming poem, that might appear harsh, uncandid, or invidious.

The result was, that the critique was penned in the usual way, and Lord Byron applauded to the very echo!!

EAGLE TRIBUTE.

IN the description of the Caricature in our last Number, we noticed the similarity of the pursuits in which Lord Wellington and Mr. Bullock of the Museum had been engaged, and the success that had attended their Eagle-catching. We have since learnt that the custom in the Shetland Isles is, for every householder to present a fowl to the person who kills an Eagle, as an acknowledgment of the service he has performed in ridding them of a destructive bird of prey. It would be well if a similar tribute for rooting out the Eagles on the Peninsula were adopted; and, though it might cause a dearth of poultry, no one could grudge the payment of so small a matter for so great a benefit; and our brave soldiers, after fairly beating their opponents, would have reason to chuckle over their fowl play, and rejoice while regaling themselves with fine chickens at the expense of the Gallic Cock.

THE NEW DISEASE.

POET Jack was so poor, in a garret he lodg'd,
Where, asham'd by his friends to be seen,
He himself oft excus'd when for dinner they dodg'd,
And his lady's bad health made his screen.

One day, sorely press'd, not a lie to deceive,
He repell'd thus the ravenous pack :
"I grieve, but, my wife cannot comp'ny receive,
Since her desp'rate *Room-attic* attack."

*On the new PATENT for making GUNPOWDER from
SUGAR.*

WEST India merchants can no more complain,
Though all distilleries instantly use grain ;
For since from Sugar Powder can be made,
Great must their profits be, immense their trade ;
And should they more repine, who will not scoff,
Since we all know their goods so well go off ?

*Sir F. BURDETT to his MOB ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER,
who claim a Right to the Hustings.*

" My friends, I've experienc'd so many defeats,
I'm no longer the patron of popular heats ;
And to burn these fine Hustings were surely a pity,
If you want *ussless Wood*—you may go to the CITY."

*On the FRENCH fortifying Irun, to secure their Retreat
from the Peninsula.*

IN Spain, cried King Joseph, I'm surely undone,
Whenever I'm brought to my last stand—I-run.

*On Mr. GEORGE EDEN's being ousted for OXFORD, at
the GENERAL ELECTION, by Messrs. LOCKHART and
WRIGHT.*

AUCKLAND's son stands for Oxford, but 'gainst him, sad
plight!

Learns his rivals *lock hearts*, and he cannot be (*W*) right:
Thus Oxford, poor Eden, in canvassing crost,
Finds no *Garden of Eden*, but—*Paradise lost!*

*On ELLISTON's playing HAMLET, and on the STATUE of
SHAKSPEARE over the Stove in New Drury.*

HONEST Shakspeare to *murder outright* in their rage
Is sure our new managers' hobby!
To effect this, they *mangle* him sore on the *stage*,
And roast him for this in the *Lobby*.

*On the Occasional ADDRESS at Drury being spoken for
nine successive Nights.*


BYRON's Address *nine nights* was spoke
Ere Elliston knock'd under—
That John Bull bore so long the joke,
Exceeds a *nine days' wonder!*

On the SEIZURE of 7000 Guineas by Mr. LAWLESS.

THE potent influence of gold,
Indeed, proves to be awful!
Since now it renders, as we're told,
A *Lawless* act quite *Lawful*.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!



THOUGHTS ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY, &c. *By An ELECTOR. pp. 173. Printed for Hatchard, Piccadilly; and Richardson, Cornhill.*

THIS Pamphlet, which we regret our limits will not permit us to review at large, we have great pleasure in recommending to the consideration of the public. It is a plain, sensible, and well-written exposition of the existing state of political parties; and contains observations, not only upon them, but upon the most interesting points connected with our domestic and foreign policy, at once sound, acute, and convincing. The three heads into which this treatise is divided are,

The State of the Country;

The late Negotiations for a New Ministry; and

The Disposition of Parties.

Under the first head will be found a satisfactory and luminous account of the causes, origin, and progress, of the late riots in the disturbed counties. The second affords a perfect view of the subject handled, and exposes the ambitious views of our overweening Aristocratic Faction, in strong but just colours. In the third part we have an able exposition of the nature, views, and

conduct, of all the parties into which the country is politically split, and though so literally a party question, we rejoice to observe, that this, as well as the preceding discussions, is penned without party spirit. The whole work is entitled to warm commendation for the loyal and constitutional principles it maintains; for the temper and fairness with which it treats every person and subject; and for the general information it conveys, in a way neither to be misrepresented nor misunderstood.

REJECTED ADDRESSES; OR, THE NEW THEATRUM POETARUM. pp. 126. 4s. 6d. J. Miller, Bow Street.

THE *Dioscuri* of old never shone together; but when CASTOR rose POLLUX set, and *vice versa*, when Pollux became elevated, Castor declined in the horizon. The present volume affords an example, that in modern times it is possible for two brothers to shine, and at least to acquire fame, if not immortality, together. This *Jeu d'Esprit* is the joint production of Messrs. James and Horace Smith, the authors of *Highgate Tunnel*, and several clever works of a humorous description; and we must say that it is long since we have seen any thing of the kind so well timed, so quickly written, and displaying so much of sterling wit and merit. Presuming on an excellent subject, our fraternal authors have imitated and burlesqued the peculiarities of style of a number of the best and worst writers of the present day, as rejected Candidates for the Drury Lane Laurel. The

oddity of this competition afforded them ample scope for humour, and they have availed themselves of the opportunity, with an ability which proves them eminently qualified for higher undertakings than any with which they have yet favoured the public. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Wordsworth, Cobbett, T. Moore, Southey, W. Scott, Lewis, Coleridge, Crabbe, Colman, the Hon. W. Spencer, Morning Post, Doctor Busby, Lord Byron, &c. &c. are all parodied with extreme felicity. It is impossible to resist the *vis comica* with which the work abounds; and so much have we been amused by its perusal, that we have been tempted to borrow large samples of excellence from its pages; but, as it is within the reach of every purse, we shall content ourselves with recommending it most heartily to every reader who can be entertained with a display of great fancy and powers of raillery without malignity, and satire unmixed with ill humour.

The following are the only examples we shall afford—

Of W. T. Fitzgerald:

Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
 Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live;
 God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
 God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
 God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
 God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off;
 And oh, in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
 England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!

Of W. Wordsworth:

MY brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on new year's day;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop
 Papa (he's my papa and Jack's),
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
 And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in his pouts, and this it is,
 He thinks mine came to more than his,
 So to my drawer he goes,
 Takes out the doll, and oh, my stars!
 He pokes her head between the bars,
 And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
 And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
 And bang, with might and main,
 Its head against the parlour door:
 Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
 And breaks a window pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
 Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
 A pretty thing, forsooth!
 If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
 Half my doll's nose, and I am not
 To draw his peg-top's tooth!

[Her appearance on the stage.]

At first I caught hold of the wing,
 And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
 umbob, the prompter man,
 Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, Go on, my pretty love,
 Speak to 'em little Nan.

You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
 er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take:
 I've known the day when brats not quite
 Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
 Then why not Nancy Lake?

Of Lord Byron:

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in march?
 And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
 And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
 Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
 Shakspeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul;"
 To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
 The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
 Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

Of T. Moore :

And dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,
Though joyous are sober, though peaceful are brave.

Of the Hon. W. Spencer :

Sobriety cease to be sober,
Cease labour to dig and to delve,
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve.
Hah ! whom do my peepers remark ?
'Tis Hebe with Jupiter's jug ;
Oh no, 'tis the pride of the Park,
Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

Of S. T. Coleridge :

Oh, Mr. Whitbread ! fie upon you, Sir !
I think you should have built a colonnade.
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries, " There you go ! this comes of playhouses !"
To build no portico is penny wise :
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish !
Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries, " Gee,"
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick !

[Exit hastily]

Of Dr. Busby :

I sing how casual bricks, in airy climb,
Encounter'd casual horse-hair, casual lime ;

How rafters borne through wond'ring clouds elate,
 Kiss'd in their slope blue elemental slate,
 Clasp'd solid beams in chance-directed fury,
 And gave to birth our renovated Drury.

Of the Rev. G. Crabbe:

What various swarms our motley walls contain !
 Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
 Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
 Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
 From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
 The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
 The full price master, and the half price clerk;
 Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
 With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
 And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
 Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,
 But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
 Big wordied bullies, who by quarrels live,
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
 Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
 That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
 And bucks, with pockets empty as their pate,
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,
 Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
 With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

We cannot refrain from again advising a perusal of this able little production. It will repay the reader with many a laugh, and amuse the million, while it is not beneath the praise of the scholar.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HORACE.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE fears we expressed in our last number have been realised—they have been surpassed. Fortunately for us we had no hopes, for if we had, they would have been most grievously disappointed.

From the judgment displayed by Mr. Harris, the manager, in persevering in the obtrusion of foolish *spectacular dramas* upon the public for four nights out of six, we had small occasion for the exercise of our faculties to be enabled to predict that this rage would continue to mark his conduct and degrade the stage. What we anticipated has come to pass. Untaught by meagre houses and beggarly returns from the treasury—by the silent contempt of empty benches, or the loud torrent of public opinion expressed against the usurpation of the stage by these monstrous absurdities, to the exclusion of common sense and legitimate theatrical productions, Mr. Harris seems determined to pursue his freak, and force his favourite mummeries upon the town, or sink with his *concern* to ruin in the attempt. We will tell him plainly that he has no chance of success in the former, and that, if he does not alter his course, the latter will be speedy as it is inevitable.

On Tuesday night, the 6th October, was produced, from the pen of Mr. Dimond, a *new grand ROMANTICK DRAMA*, called the *ÆTHIOP*, or *The Child of the Desert*; of which we may say, the drama is

worthy of its author, the author of his drama—Not among those (if such there be, which we think impossible)—not among those, who expect from this writer either probability, sense, nature, character, or purity of style; but belonging to that numerous class who judge him to be equally destitute of capacity for grandeur of conception or novelty of thought, for felicity of language or congruity of sentiment, for sterling wit or agreeable humour, for expansion of mind or superiority of intellect, we cannot but lament that the occupation of the stage is so open to him as to put it in his power to add another tide to the flood of folly and false taste with which he has already inundated it, and to which, as we last month complained, we were compelled to submit three days in the week for so much of the season as had then passed. It seems the measure of our sufferings was not yet full, and we must now undergo the *nausea repetita* EVERY night, or abstain from visiting Covent Garden.

We shall now proceed to a more detailed examination of this grand romance. The story of the *Æthiop* consists of the expedients resorted to by the Caliph *Haroun Alraschid* to prove the affections of his favourite Sultana *Sephania*, whom he has no reason to suspect, except from her being the daughter of the Sultan Ali, whom his father had deposed and assassinated; and of the efforts and plots of *Almansar*, the

brother of Ali, to procure the death of Alraschid, and restore to the throne of his murdered sire Orazmin, the son of Ali, whom he had reared in the deserts of Arabia during fifteen years. In furtherance of these plots the tribe of Ali are found residing in Bagdat, or rather under Bagdat, in subterraneous caverns pertaining to their burial ground, and which are large enough to contain all these warriors. Haroun discovers their secret by the inadvertency of a messenger, who is sent to apprise Sephania of their designs in regard to cutting the throat of her dear husband, and most wilfully drops the information at the feet of Giafar the Caliph's Vizier. The Caliph upon this, resolving not to be outdone in folly, disguises himself in a blackened face and an outré dress, and finds his way with Almanzar and Orazmin to the sepulchre of Ali, where he wisely trusts himself alone in the midst of his intended murderers. Here he imposes on their credulity by pretending to supernatural powers, but is detected by Almanzar, who is about to sacrifice him, when by a turn of good luck he is told that by turning a wheel he will lay open the cavern: the wheel he turns accordingly, and down walk Giafar and the guards, pretending that the magic of the Æthiop's wand precludes them from seeing the tribe of Ali by whom they are surrounded; and this *ruse* completes the imposition which the Caliph desired to perfect on these sensible and ferocious gentry. After a variety of silly adventures, all turning upon the same miraculous but *probable and consistent* pivot, Almanzar and Orazmin arrive to butcher Haroun in his saloon, where they find him, "sham Abraham," fast asleep, and just as they are about to plunge the poignard in his breast, out jumps the sultana to save him, and a great deal of pathetic flourishes ensue, till Almanzar, who is determined to have a murder at last, again advances: the Caliph starts up, and by a *coup de scene* a number of archers appear with bows drawn ready to shoot the invited assassin.

A kind of reconciliation takes place, and the piece concludes. Such is the main story, which our readers will agree with us is indeed "*romantic*" enough, if by romantic we are to understand "wild, improbable, false;"—*vide Lexicon*. But there is, besides, an underplot as *totally unconnected* with the main plot as with the Merry Wives of Windsor, in which one of the French eastern tales in "*Les Gages Touches*" is dramatized. What could have recommended it we know not, except that Mr. Dimond might fancy that his *high flown* wanted the alloy of some *low*, and therefore ventured to display as comic before an enlightened audience the disgusting representation of a young wife subjected to the impotent libertinism of two aged dotards, upon whom she revenges herself, by cramming them into chests, and sending for their wives to liberate their truant henpecked lords—the Emir and Cadi.

Such are the outlines of this new attempt of Mr. Dimond at that species of entertainment, which is at best but a blot upon the stage, and a reproach upon our national character for information and sound judgment. Foreigners have denied our claims to taste—thank Heaven! they do not see us at these *spectacles*, or the sentence would become definite beyond repeal—to the "*quod genus hoc hominum?*"—What kind of men are these Londoners? The answer would justly be, "Bœotians! most stupid Bœotians! to relish or permit such worthless trash in their national theatres."

From the beginning to the end, so "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," were the uses made of even these absurd materials, that it appeared as if, instead of the Child of the Desert, the subject dramatized was the unproductive desert itself; in order to show how barren, same, dull, and monotonous a collection of *dry stuff* could by human nature be endured; and, to say the truth, the audience for a long time bore it like camels. We do most conscientiously believe that the whole performance did not beguile a single tear, or, we were going to add, exact one smile; but we do remem-

ber some of the sentimental and pathetic parts were so ludicrous, that they extorted bursts of laughter.

As we observed on a former occasion, Mr. Harris appears to imagine, that by displaying Mrs. H. Johnson he is sure to delight and captivate the town. She is pre-eminently magnificent in this new piece as a *favourite Sultana*. For our parts, we are far from wishing to drag private life into public consideration; but the perpetual obtrusion of this lady we confess fills us with disgust. When we hear her inculcating virtuous sentiments, or declaiming on conjugal or maternal affection with all her meretricious airs, a thrill of horror shoots across our mind; and, instead of entertainment or pleasure, we experience feelings as if we heard laughter from a grave, or shouts of mirth from a sepulchre.

We shall shortly dismiss the other remarks we had intended to offer on this drama, as we observe, with satisfaction, that the public has pronounced sentence upon it, and that it has been *starved out of the Theatre*. The character of Almanzar is that of a cowardly, bullying assassin, always ready to stab man, woman, or child, and particularly the two latter, but never executing his purposes. Orazmin is a mixture of childish absurdity rendered impious by the author, and Haroun a Fool of no Quality. The intended comic part is pre-eminently ridiculous—a smuggler of sentiment, and his wife of the same stamp, with two gloating doting magistrates and their termagant wives, complete the *dramatis personæ*.

The scenery is splendid, but the machinery most absurd, and introduced without reason, merely for effect—The music is noise, and the only thing in the whole that can be endured is a song most sweetly warbled by BROADHURST, who is rising rapidly in the opinion of the public.—To conclude; this Spectacle, after all the vast expense lavished upon it, has lingered through empty houses for ten days or a fortnight, and taught Mr. Harris a dear lesson, to the same effect which we endeavour to inculcate in the Satirist, and

which he may have monthly for Half a-Crown, until he attends to our salutary counsels and advice.

SCHNEIDERKINS,

A Farce, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, was produced on Friday the 16th at this Theatre, from which we infer, that he thinks it too much to favour *One House* with the whole effect of his great abilities; and while he wisely confines his efforts to prompting for Drury Lane, he generously furnishes Covent Garden with his writings. It would, on the present occasion, have been no terrible loss to the latter if he had bestowed his Farce into the bargain upon his Promptership. It is a flimsy, ill-contrived, and unentertaining production, dull, common-place, uninteresting—with one or two good scenes, half a dozen decent puns, and a very short example of smart dialogue; the “rest is leather and prunella.”—These excellences not being sufficient to constitute a favourite farce, *Schneiderkins*, notwithstanding the versatile genius of Mathews (who assumes various characters and supports them all admirably), and the dry whimsicality of Liston, proves so dull and fatiguing, that it must be laid speedily on the oblivious shelf.

BURGOYNE's Opera of the Lord of the Manor was revived on Saturday, and proves eminently attractive.—The respectability and fulness of the house on its representations ought to convince the managers that proper management will produce proper returns.

Several new Performers have been introduced since our last, to whom, with the exception of Miss Cooke, who with a good figure possesses talents favourable to an opinion that she will be an acquisition to the stage, the words in *Macbeth* may be applied, for they

“Come like shadows—so depart.”

DRURY LANE

OPENED on the 10th with *Hamlet*, the *Devil to Pay*, and an apocryphal Address prepared by Lord Byron, and miserably spouted by Mr. El-liston.

The Public have been so worried with descriptions of this Theatre, and criticisms on this and other Addresses, that we shall endeavour to condense what occurs to us on these subjects into as narrow limits as possible. To say any thing new is scarcely possible; and we may therefore be excused for conciseness, though the topics are large and fruitful. Of the opening Address, having made it the text for a few remarks in the body of our work, we shall here say nothing further, than that we consider it inferior to the noble Author's known abilities, and unworthy of the occasion. Little of excellence could be expected from the monstrously absurd method pursued by the Committee of Management, who advertised for Addresses from all the Poets and Pretenders of the day, pledging themselves that the best of those transmitted under certain forms should be selected and spoken. They received 112; some doubtless possessing considerable merit; but the Judges not being altogether pleased with any one of them, resolved to reject them all, and solicit Lord Byron to construct a poem according to certain ideas with which they furnished him, and which may in some measure account for the mediocrity of the verses. Upon this procedure all we shall observe is, that it was obviously unjust, partial, and a scandalous desertion from the standard they themselves had raised, uncalled for, and the creature of their own sapient head-pieces. It was a breach of faith, and a lapse from honour only equalled by the "*Tom-foolery*" of the original project. The obvious course would have been to afford those hints to the author of the best Prologue sent in, which they gave to Lord Byron.

With regard to the Theatre itself, internally it is beautiful, externally inconvenient. When the green curtain is down, nothing can exceed the elegance, the grace, the glitter, and gaiety of its appearance: it is a fairy temple for the lighter Muse; a luxuriance of taste, and profusion of fancy, are its characteristics.

The shape of the audience part an irregular conchoid, or horse-shoe widened at the open part towards the stage, and gorgeously adorned. The aspect of the stage is pre-eminently fine, and we are inclined to bestow on the house in this point of view the most unqualified admiration. It is truly a splendid monument of architectural talents; in form the most perfect we ever saw, adapted to a theatre; and in ornaments the most gay and profuse, without being tawdry or overloaded.

We have been speaking of the theatre as offered to the eye before the performances commence. When the curtain rises, some of its most singular beauties are converted into glaring defects, which augment as the business of the stage proceeds, till, in many instances, they produce incongruities the most absurd, and inconsistencies the most ridiculous. In the representation of familiar and low life, the whole delusion of the scene is destroyed by the magnificent pillars and brilliant lamps immediately adjunct to a thatched roof or a cottage chimney. The scenery too, heretofore displayed in the new theatre, has contributed greatly to increase this anomaly. Though individually pretty, the scenes are combined with so utter a disregard to truth, nature, and probability, as to furnish the most opposite realities closely linked together in fiction. A kitchen of an inn is collaterally eked out by a Gothic arch and grand colonnade. At midnight we have smart broad-day landscapes; private rooms are vast and splendid halls: in fine, every thing is theatrical; nothing consonant, just, and natural. Another very striking disadvantage arises from the advanced situation of the speakers upon the stage. In tragedy, it occasions deformity; in comedy, absurdity. The defects are so palpable, and so perpetual in recurrence, that it is utterly impossible to be deceived by the best constructed dramatic composition, performed by the best actors. We are everlastingly reminded that all we see is only fictitious; and thus the greatest interest, the highest pow-

ers, the most enlightened principles and uses of theatrical representation, are neutralized and subverted. For example, two actors are communicating a secret, "but soft, who comes?" and they have to run back half a mile to allow themselves the possibility of interruption: in more grave scenes the effect is still worse, and it is painful to behold every tragic performer in their concluding sentences obliged to direct their sole attention to preparation for getting decently off without turning their posterior parts at once bluntly to the audience. Like the fellows at prayers in the Critic, they may well exclaim, "Now we are here, how are we to get off?" and like them, they are compelled to "steal! steal! steal!" and edge away most sneakingly, while they pronounce the concluding lines of their part, though these are perhaps denunciations of vengeance, or impassioned bursts of woe.

The entrances and communications to and about the house are at once superb and convenient; the stairs spacious and grand, and adorned with two admirable specimens of *fresco* painting, which merit the attention of every visitor to the theatre. A reform has been made in this part, for which alone Mr. Wyatt is entitled to the highest approbation: we allude to the omission altogether of that scene of noise, folly, confusion, and vice, known in former theatres by the appellation of the Basket, and by the splendid device by which he has thrown the Saloon to a distance from the virtuous portion of the audience, and as completely as possible rendered it unnecessary for that class to mingle with another, to use the Opera House phrase, "more readily to be known than described." To make amends however for consulting decency and propriety in this respect, we have in the Saloon itself a temple to debauchery, worthy of the *Paphian Queen*. Ottomans, Sofas, reclining Cushions, and every thing that can contribute to luxury, or invite to

the indulgence of those propensities most peculiar to theatrical lobbies, are here spread out with a liberality worthy of a better cause. Vice has his throne erected here—"here reigns and revels." A more *heinous comment* upon the morals of the age was never given in any country, than by this Saloon, which offers the most superb portion of the national theatre as a temptation to licentiousness and encouragement to depravity.

The outside of the New Theatre is only remarkable for a simplicity closely allied to poverty and meanness, and a plainness congenial with heaviness and deformity. It is marvellously naked of every species of accommodation. There is nothing to shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm." In few words, there is not a single convenience attached to the building. The extravagance of the Saloon might *here* have been well applied.

Having occupied so much space with the theatre, we can bestow but little of our attention on the performers and performances. We must be contented for the present with massing them. The plays have been, speaking generally, well chosen; the performers, speaking generally, have deserved no praise. The company cannot get up Tragedy; and what they have attempted have been most cruelly mangled. In Comedy, they have been somewhat more successful; but not so well as ought to be expected; and in Opera they have been only distinguished for meagre second rate. Bannister and Miss Duncan have latterly evinced their super-excellence; but on the earlier nights we were disgusted by acting of a very different description. Elliston and Mrs. Edwin mistake themselves much, and even some of our greatest comic favourites appear to have improved the wrong way, by their performances at small theatres. To the two last-named particularly, and to others, who we hope will take the hint without compelling us to speak more intelligibly and plainly, we have to remark, that

impudence and self-sufficiency are as intolerable upon the stage, as ease and natural humour are pleasing. It is exceedingly hurtful, even to talent, to substitute pertness for vivacity, carelessness for mastery, rant for feeling, and an assumption of universal capacity for the possession of real ability for the perfect representation of any one character.

Two new Performers, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Gladstones, have been brought out as the Duke and Orlando, in *As You like It*. The former is a correct and useful actor in parts requiring exertions similar to

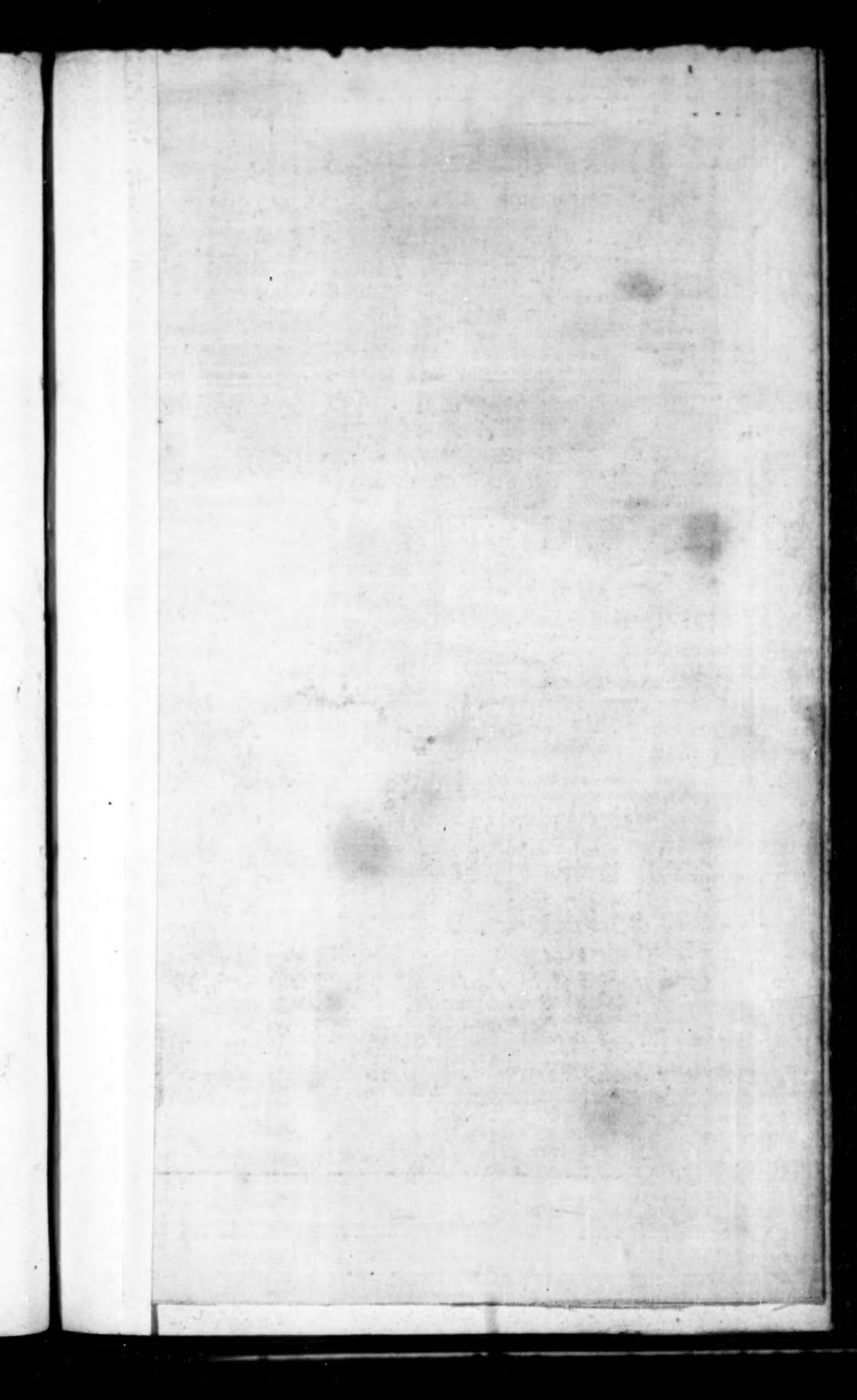
those befitting the Duke. The latter has no qualifications whatever.

THE LYCEUM

CLOSED on the 7th, with a presumptuous Address from the Managers. A laughable farce, entitled "*The West Wind*," had been performed through the preceding week with considerable applause. It is a humorous trifle.—The season has been very unproductive.

THE HAYMARKET

CLOSED on the Friday following, after a very good season, and with an appropriate Address, delivered with much feeling by Mr. Terry.





Anti-Royal

THE ANTI-ROYAL

December 1852.



LA MENAGERIE

W.H. Ekroor Del.
Aqua Fortis fecit.